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LIFE'S CHIVALRY.

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Where, in the busy city's care and strife,
Its thirst for riches, and its toil for bread,
Is found that soul of chivalry in life,
Which some are mourning for as truly dead?
Shall we seek for it in the forest-glade:
In hoary dim cathedral, gray with age?
In chancel where the mailed knights are laid
With rusted lance, no further war to wage?
In mould'ring castle, or in ivied tower,
Where pomp and pageantry were wont to be?
Ah, no! But yet the ancient spirit's power
Is with us, and its form, if we would see:
To labor cheerfully from hour to hour,
To do good graciously, is chivalry.

A Thief in the Candle.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOUBLE CUNNING," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "BENEATH THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DR. MARLOW'S RETREAT.

"AND how is my little patient this morning?" said Doctor Marlow, seating himself beside Grace, under the great horse-chestnut near the wall of his grounds.

Grace rose to walk away, but a firm hand took her arm and pressed her back in her seat.

"I always try gentle means, and keep to them till obliged to use force," said the doctor, with a peculiar smile. "Yes: you are a deal better since you have been here."

"How can you speak to me like that, Doctor Marlow!" cried Grace, with her girlish passion getting the better of her. "You know I am quite well, and a prisoner."

"Not quite well, my dear," he said, gently, as; in spite of her resistance, he took her hand and held it firmly, while he pressed two fingers on her soft, white, blue-veined wrist and held them there.

She strove to release herself, but her efforts were vain, and he only smiled at her as he said—

"Better—decidedly better! The pulse is more natural—quite strong. Ah! how fortunate it was that you were placed in my charge!"

"You are mocking me!" said Grace, angrily, as she looked up in the doctor's eyes, which were fixed on hers. "As a gentleman, I appeal to you. Pray—pray let me leave this dreadful place!"

"Dreadful! When I have been trying so hard to make it a pleasant home for my dear little patient! Grace! How well you have been named! You look more charming every day."

"Doctor Marlow!"

"Pray sit still, my dear," he said, pressing her hand tenderly, and keeping his fingers upon her wrist; "you interfere with my counting."

"You will drive me to call for help, sir!" she cried indignantly.

"And then two nurses will come, my dear and hurry you off to a close room."

"Where I should, at least, be free from insult."

"How cruelly you speak to me!" he said, smiling, and making her shrink away. "It is the way of those situated as you are; I am used to it—scolding and threatening those they ought to love."

Grace shrank from him again.

"Doctor Marlow!" she cried, "do you wish me to appeal to the nurses, or to some of the more sensible patients, for protection?"

"Appeal to them, if you care to be so foolish," said the doctor, suavely. "But why be so absurd? You know they would think you raving."

Grace smothered a sob and spoke out again—

"How long am I to be kept here?"

"Till your friends think it best to fetch you away on my recommendation."

"Then pray, sir—I appeal to you as a gentleman—send to my friends. You have deceived me; the letters I have written cannot have been posted, or my father and mother would have been down."

"Now you are exciting yourself again," he whispered, "and you must not do this; you must be calm. Why, what a strong little thing it is! But don't struggle, or we shall have the attendants coming to ask if you are worse."

"Why am I kept here, sir?"

"Because it is good for you, my dear. Why you are brighter and better by far than when you came. There! let your little hand lie still in mine for a few minutes, so that I can fairly tell its temperature, and then it shall go. Don't struggle; it will excite Miss Bere."

The lady mentioned passed them, giving a vindictive look, and going on behind a clump of shrubs, to stand apparently watching the flowers, but really keeping her eyes on the doctor, who observed it, and changed his manner to Grace, who uttered a sigh of relief and once more tried to rise.

"No, no! sit still, my dear," he said, holding her hand firmly. "You cannot think how glad I am that my favorite little patient is getting on so well!"

"Well enough to be set free from this—this prison."

"No, no! don't call it a prison," he said, laughingly; "it is a cage. Let it be the cage in which I keep the bonniest little bird I ever saw. Grace, my dear—there, you see how deep interest in your cure has made me call you by your Christian name—why not make up your mind to stay in it always?"

"Doctor Marlow!"

"There! now you are getting excited again, and I must insist upon your being cool. I have taken such interest in your case that I have watched every phase, and I have no hesitation in saying that here you will be well and happy, and in a short time be sufficiently recovered to—to take the head of my table."

"Doctor Marlow!"

"As my wife," he whispered. "There, there! don't look at me like that. You have made me love you."

"You insult me sir!"

"I do not insult you. It is no insult to a lady to tell her she is loved. Why, my charming little patient, do you think that because a man is approaching middle age, and is studious and a doctor, that he is no longer susceptible to the charms of a sweet woman whom he has brought back from a strange hysterical state to calm reason? Well, what is it?" he cried, impatiently, as an attendant approached.

"Captain Barton has broke out again, sir. Very bad!"

"Hang Captain Barton!" muttered the doctor. Then, aloud—"There directly. Get him into Number Five."

The attendant went quickly away, and the doctor turned to Grace.

"I shall come to you for a long talk this evening, my dear Miss Robson," he whispered, gazing fixedly in her eyes, and seeming to paralyse the shrinking girl. "Come, be calm and sensible, and do not talk to anyone about what has passed between us. For your own sake, don't."

He rose and walked slowly away; and as he went towards the house, Grace saw him bow to one patient, go and speak to another, and wave his hand to others, the poor creatures, as a rule, shrinking away where it was possible.

"I must make some effort to escape!" exclaimed Grace; "I am a wretched prisoner here, and this is worse than all."

She looked wildly round the beautiful garden, and there seemed to be no one in the direction of the gate.

If she could once pass that gate there was hope for her. She would be sure to find somebody who would help her and protect her.

"If I stay, they will really drive me mad," she sobbed.

Then, as she looked wildly round again, she recalled all that had passed since she had let herself so willingly be brought to what she had considered would be a heaven of safety, and such it had proved, in one respect; but now a danger as terrible as that from which she had escaped seemed to be springing up.

"I must—I will escape!" she said to herself; and, rising, she forced herself to walk quietly and deliberately towards the gate, which was temptingly open, as she could see.

There was no one near her, and she knew that if she made a sudden dart she might reach it before anyone could stop her: but pursuit would take place instantly, and her best chance was to walk slowly away.

Forcing herself, then, to walk quietly, she was within some thirty yards of the gate when an attendant suddenly stood in front of her.

"Go back, miss!" he said, firmly; "this is beyond bounds."

"I wish to go to the gate," she said, striving to speak calmly.

"Will you go back, please, miss? I have orders to let no one pass here."

"But I must!" cried Grace, pressing forward. The man caught her by the arm.

"Go back, miss. It's of no use. If I whistle, those will come who will carry you back."

Grace knew it. She had seen more than one struggle of that kind; and realising that the gate was left open merely to give the outside world an idea that there was no such thing as coercion there, she turned sadly back, the man walking by her till she was nearly in the patients' exercising ground, when he left her and went again to his beat.

For the moment despair took possession of Grace Robson's breast. Her heart sank, and it seemed to her that she was either to be a hopeless prisoner, or be condemned to surrender herself as the wife of a man whose profession, whose conduct, and whose mien filled her with disgust.

But the human mind in a twenty-year-old body is wonderfully elastic, and Grace was just telling herself that she would not give up; but show a bold front, come what may; and, what was more, find some means of communicating again with the woman who had brought her there, when a quick step approached, and the patient who had been watching the interview between her and Doctor Marlow stood in front of her.

Grace looked up with a pitying smile as she thought that here was one whose case was far worse than her own; but as she encountered the fierce pair of eyes fixed upon her, she shrank back on her seat.

The woman did not speak, but stood with her hands behind her, and her face thrust forward with so horribly malignant an aspect, that for the moment Grace was paralyzed.

This lady had been one of the most quiet and subdued of the patients, always ready to meet Grace with a weak smile, and creep to her side with a cat-like fondling aspect that seemed to ask for caresses, while her favorite attitude was crouching in a sunny corner of a garden-seat, sleeping.

It was the feline nature displayed still, but in a different phase, for as she stood there before Grace her eyes were dilated, her lips apart, her teeth displayed, and every expiration of her breath was a loud hiss.

She did not speak, but moment by moment it seemed to Grace that the woman would spring at her throat, and tear and rend her, especially as, after gazing savagely at her fellow-prisoner for a few moments she drew back like one gathering strength for a bound.

It did not occur to Grace to call for help, but she involuntarily placed her hands before her ready to defend herself, and, as if from involuntary imitation, the woman drew hers from behind her back, showing that in her right there was a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, opened and held like a dagger.

Grace looked sharply round for help, but no one was near. There were a few of the patients at a distance, but if called they would have paid no heed, and though if she had walked again towards certain parts of the grounds attendants would have sprung up directly in her path, now that their help was wanted there was not a soul.

"The doctor, the doctor, the doctor!" hissed the woman at last, with her eyes flashing with savage hatred, and she seemed now about to spring.

Grace's heart sank, and her courage failed her.

She was too much alarmed even to cry out, and at last, as, with a strangely inhuman cry, the woman raised the scissors and threw herself forward to strike, Grace shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

* * * * * *

A WELCOME VOICE.

These hands fell directly, though, and Grace made an effort to save herself just as there was a dull thud, the scattering of some fragments of dry earth, and the woman started back, letting fall the scissors which Grace seized as she realized that a great clod had been thrown by somebody and struck her aggressor full in the chest.

The woman uttered a harsh cry, and turned and ran along the nearest path to hide herself among the bushes, while Grace sank back on the seat, faint and trembling.

"Miss Grace! Miss Grace!" came from beh'nd her.

"Ah!"

"Don't—don't look round. Some one 'll be sure to see you. Why was she going to hit you with them scissors?"

"Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack! is it you?" cried Grace, and she was about to bound from her seat and run to the wall, but a warning stayed her.

"No, no! don't, or they'll see me. Here's some one coming."

It was an attendant, now that the danger was past, and, trembling with delight and dread, Grace shrank down in a corner of the seat and covered her face with her hands.

That was so common an attitude at Doctor Marlow's that it was not heeded; in fact it was rather approved of by the attendants, for it betokened a despondent state that gave them very little trouble; so the woman passed on, Grace trembling with agitation as she watched her through her fingers.

"She's gone, Miss Grace," came from the wall. "An', I say, I am glad I've found you."

"Tell me, Jack!" cried Grace, excitedly. "My father, and mother!"

"Oh, they're all right; only worried about you."

"Do they know I'm here?"

"Just hark at her!" cried the lad. "Do they know you're here! Why, how could they?"

"I don't know, Jack, but you did."

"Yes, I did. Don't talk so loud. And if

I go down all 'twunst it's my foot's slipped, for there's only a bit of a crack where I picked out the mortar with my knife."

"But, Jack, go and tell them at once, and make them come and fetch me away from this dreadful place."

"Why don't you come away? The gate's open."

"Ah, Jack! you don't know. I can't."

"What made you come and hide yourself here, away from everybody?"

"I did not, Jack. I was brought here, and I'm a prisoner."

"Well you don't look like one," Miss Grace!"

"Hist! don't speak to me now. There's the doctor coming."

"What! that fat chap, as sat there holding your hand?"

"Yes, yes, Jack! Pray go now!"

"I just sha'nt go now!" said the boy, shrinking down, but keeping his eyes on a level with the top of the wall. "I wan't to see a bit more first. Don't look like a madhouse, and they don't look like mad people."

As he watched, the doctor came up and took Grace's hand, leading her towards the house, while the boy continued his cogitations.

"What did she say?—go and fetch help? Yes, that's all wery well; but if I go away and fetch some one, by the time we get back they'll have took Miss Grace somewheres else, and then I sha'n't find her again."

The part he had chosen was where the great wall that surrounded the place was backed by a field, across which was a second lane, running parallel to the one where the front entrance of the grounds was situated,

He was not likely to be observed, and, altering his position so as to get a view of the open gate as well, he remained watching, and making plans for Gracie's escape.

As he watched, he made out that there seemed to be only two men about the place, one of whom was the occupant of a little lodge inside the gate, the other dividing his time between keeping an eye upon the patients and attending to the flowerbeds in the garden.

"Seems to me," said Jack to himself, "that it won't be very hard to get her away, if they don't lock the gate up of a night."

He stopped thinking.

"But they will lock it up of a night. What's a gate for if it isn't locked up o'nights? I wonder whether Miss Grace can climb!"

He had another quiet think.

"No," he said; "she can't climb. If she could, she'd have been over this wall long enough ago and got away. Take a bigger wall than this to keep me in."

He watched the grounds for hours, forgetting that he was growing very hungry; and as he watched, he saw the patients walking about the gardens, all keeping separate, for there seemed to be no intercourse among them. He caught sight of the doctor too, but only at a distance; and though he kept patiently waiting in the hope of seeing Grace again, and saying a few words to her about being sure to stop till he came back, there was no sign of the prisoner till towards evening.

Jack was getting very despondent, for he had been trying to make some plan for Grace's escape; but though he tried hard, no suitable idea presented itself, till all at once, as he was scanning the house from a fresh point of view, which gave him a sight of the mansion through a vista of trees, after laboriously chipping out the mortar between the bricks of a buttress, he caught sight of a pensive looking figure seated at a window on the first floor.

Jack's heart bounded.

"There she is!" he exclaimed. "No, it ain't!" he said, despondently. "Tain't her! Can't make sure at all this distance. Looks like her. Wonder whether she could see me if I was to wave my cap!"

On second thoughts, Jack decided not to wave his cap, and hung there peering over the wall, wondering whether or no it was Grace, for he was a hundred yards distant and her face was in the shade.

His doubts were set at rest directly after, for Grace evidently caught sight of him watching over the wall, and waved her hand.

"Let me see," said Jack. "One—two—three—four windows one way. One—two—three—four windows 'tother way. That's just in the middle! How long will it be afore it's dark?"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE VEILED VISITOR.

GRACE had no occasion to complain about the accommodation she had at Doctor Marlow's Sanitary Home, as he called it. When she first arrived, she had been placed in a bare little chamber, but before long one of the attendants led her to a couple of rooms on the first floor, and told her they were hers.

Sitting and bedroom were side by side, both well furnished, and connected by a door. There was a luxury about them that was very new to her, but no amount of elegant hangings and soft carpeting could destroy the knowledge that the door was always kept locked upon the outside, and that this was a prison.

She sat at the window that evening gazing at the boy, as he showed his head cautiously at the top of the wall, with mingled feelings of pleasure and annoyance. She felt bitter against him, now that he had discovered her whereabouts, for not going off at once and bringing father or friends to her aid. On the other hand, there was an intense feeling of satisfaction and comfort in seeing the face of one who now seemed to be a friend, gazing at her, and comforting her by its presence, in this time of trial.

She sat and watched him till the shades of evening made the face at the bottom of the grounds grow indistinct; then, all at once, it seemed to have gone; and a feeling of sadness, dread, and depression greater than she had yet felt during her imprisonment came over Grace. It was as though a trusty friend had suddenly forsaken her.

"But he will bring help," she cried, as the reaction set in; and, after watching the moon rise from behind a bank of clouds, she left the window with a sigh, for she heard steps in the passage, and the key turn in her door.

A light streamed into the room directly, as one of the attendants brought in a lamp and placed it upon the table.

"The doctor's compliments, miss," said the woman, "and will you come down to tea?"

There was something so offensive in the woman's look as she stood there in her dark dress and white apron, cap, and cuffs, that the blood flushed into Grace's. She almost fancied she heard the woman saying something about such attentions being paid to a patient, and she hastily replied—

"I am unwell, and shall not come down to tea."

The woman shut and locked the door, and Grace was left alone to her thoughts.

She took up some work and seated herself at the table; but, after making a few stitches the work fell upon her knee, and she sat gazing out at the darkness, wondering how long it would be before help came, and by turns she was hopeful and desponding.

"What a child I am!" she said to herself at last. "The doctor will be obliged to give me up, in spite of his pretence about my being——"

She shuddered, and did not mentally finish her sentence, for the sight of the poor creatures about her depressed and set her thinking of their ailment more than was good for her young elastic brain.

She tried to keep her mind upon the thought that before long her father would be there.

Perhaps—the thought made the blood flush to her cheeks—perhaps he would bring Mr. Brand with him.

What more likely, as he was a doctor? If he came, how should she behave towards him? she asked herself, and the color deepened on her cheeks, and a sigh escaped her lips.

Then, in spite of herself, the figure of the veiled woman intruded itself, and she shuddered as she recalled all that she had gone through since she had been brought to this place.

The horror and depression gave way to a feeling of resentment against her, and she was in the very act of thinking that she would like to be face to face with her again, when there was a step in the passage, and she involuntarily started to her feet as the lock shot back.

She was prepared to face the doctor, who would, she felt sure, have come to see why she had declined to come down to tea; but, to her intense astonishment, it was the companion of her flight from Devick's house, dressed and veiled just as when they parted last, and as she stood there in the semi-darkness of the passage, framed by the doorway, there was a dim misty look about her appearance that was hardly real.

For a few minutes they stood gazing at each other; Grace by the table, with the light of the shaded lamp full upon her twitching hand as it held her work; the visitor in the obscurity outside the door.

"You have come, then, at last!" cried Grace, angrily, as she mastered the shrinking sensation, and moved towards the figure in the doorway.

"Yes; I have come at last," was the reply, and the woman stepped in silently and closed the door. "Why do you speak to me in that angry tone?"

"Angry tone! Have I not cause?" cried Grace.

"No," said the woman, coolly.

"Do you know how I have been treated here—as if I were out of my mind?"

"Nonsense, nonsense! you have been kept here in safety."

"In safety!" replied Grace, angrily, and there was that in her look and manner now that told of her being no longer the girl ready to be trampled on with impunity.

"Yes, in safety. Perhaps the peculiarity of your position made it necessary for it to seem that you were one of Dr. Marlow's patients."

"I insist now upon your taking me from this place directly. You were cruel, deceitful, and untrustworthy to bring me here."

"You foolish girl! Would you rather I had left you to your fate? But I see," continued Grace's visitor, sarcastically; "you blame me for bringing you away from Devick's place: you wished to stay there. Really, I am sorry that I interfered."

"You know better!" cried Grace, "and that I am blaming you for keeping me shut up here away from my friends, and without the opportunity of communicating with them."

"You foolish girl! If I had not done as I have Devick would have found out your whereabouts, and you would have been in his power."

"I do not believe it!" said Grace, angrily. "I have been cruelly and disgracefully treated."

"And you wish to be at liberty, to fall into Rice Devick's hands?"

Grace shuddered.

"I insist upon being taken away from here at once!" she cried. "It was your doing to place me here. Now speak to this Dr. Marlow, and set me free. Take me away."

"I came down on purpose to do so," said the woman calmly.

"You came to do so?" cried Grace, excitedly, and yet looking at her visitor with the eyes of doubt.

"Yes, unless you wish Mr. Devick to perform my part."

"Mr. Devick? No!" cried Grace, with a look full of revulsion.

Her visitor drew a long breath that might have meant satisfaction.

"I have been unable to remove you from here," she said, "knowing what I did of your pursuer. You complain of ill-usage—you should rather rejoice at having been safely housed."

"But the treatment I have received! My letters have been suppressed."

"And wisely too, my child. Had your parents known of your whereabouts, they would have fetched you away, and within a week Rice Devick would have contrived to get you in his power."

Grace shuddered again, and was about to speak, but the woman went on.

"I have good cause for knowing that he has now discovered where you are."

"Ah!" exclaimed Grace, advancing to her visitor and catching her arm; but the woman drew back coldly.

"You reproached me for what I have done for you. I will now leave you free to act for yourself."

"No; I will not reproach you!" cried Grace. "But was it not reasonable that I should?"

"Perhaps so. But there, you have your choice between my protection and Devick's pursuit. I will not force you. Besides, you came here of your own accord before."

"Yes; but you deceived me!" replied Grace.

"How did I deceive you, girl? I promised to save you from Rice Devick. Has he approached you since I gave that promise?"

"No, no, but——"

"There is no time to waste, my child. I believe that this man or his people are on their way here now. Will you stay and fight your own battle, or will you once more trust to me?"

Grace hesitated for a few moments, and thought of Jack and the message she had sent—of her father—of Frank Brand—and she looked wildly in the veiled face.

"You will let me communicate with my friends?" she said, piteously.

"I will not promise that," was the stern reply; "but I will promise to spare no pains to use every effort to keep you from that man's touch. He should walk across my dead body sooner than lay hand upon you in my presence."

"Who are you?" said Grace, earnestly; "let me see your face."

"Foolish girl! of what use is that? You would only see the face of a miserable, unhappy woman, and there is no time to waste. Do you trust me again?"

"Yes," said Grace, with a shiver.

"Then get ready quickly."

"You will take me away from here?"

"Yes, almost at once."

"Where to?"

"That I cannot tell you yet. Come, be a woman. Think of what I am doing. Why do I do this?"

"Because you are jealous," said Grace, firmly.

"Yes," said the woman, in a hoarse whisper; "because I am jealous. I would sooner kill you than he should make you his wife."

"I have always felt that you would," said Grace. "But you will help me. I know you are sincere, and I will trust you. You have no cause for jealousy," she continued, with a sad smile in the veiled face; "for I hate him as much as you love him."

"How do I know that?" said the woman bitterly.

"By my acts," replied Grace. "I am going to trust myself in your hands again."

"Then be ready," the woman, quickly. "I am going from here now to have the cab brought from the inn. Do exactly as I bid you, and act without hesitation. Doctor Marlow might wish to prevent your leaving. I don't know."

She caught Grace in her arms, raised her veil a little, and bent down and kissed her. Then, passing out, she stood for a moment at the half-closed door.

"Be ready to start at a moment's notice," she whispered, and then the door was closed and locked.

CHAPTER XX.

A TIME OF PERIL.

LEFT to herself, Grace Robson tried to keep back the intense agitation from which she suffered, and going into her room she laid her bonnet and scarf ready to catch up as soon as her visitor returned.

Then, going to the open window, where the moon was rising higher and beginning to enlighten the intense darkness, she sought to cool her heated brow and calm down the throbbing pulses.

About ten minutes had elapsed since her visitor had departed, and she was wondering how long it would be before she returned.

Every distant sound about the house was suggestive of danger—every rustle of a leaf outside suggested the coming of Devick or his people to carry her away.

"What a coward I am!" she said to herself, as, after hearing, as she thought, whisperings without, she walked firmly to the window, to look out and satisfy herself that it was fancy.

She had hardly been there a minute when the door was unlocked hastily by Doctor Marlow and closed directly.

"What is this I hear?" he said, speaking evidently in a state of the greatest excitement.

Grace looked at him and then at the door, but he was before her, and had seized her hand before she could speak.

"I won't have it!" he cried, angrily. "It is preposterous! You cannot go. It is utter madness on her part to wish to take you away.

"She shall not!" he cried, growing more excited. "You know how—there, how I love you!" he went on, holding her hands tightly. "You cannot wish to go!"

For answer, Grace tried to free her hands, but he was stronger.

"No," he continued; "I will not permit it! Grace—dear Grace—you will stay?"

"Doctor Marlow! loose my hands!" she cried, speaking for the first time.

"Never! till you have promised me that you will stay. Grace, my sweet girl! you must and shall stay!"

But for the exigencies of her position, the advances of the stout, middle-aged doctor would have seemed ridiculous. There was nothing really ridiculous in them, though, for the doctor was too much in earnest.

"I will not have it!" he cried, holding Grace firmly, in spite of her struggles. "You know how I have watched over you. You know how my love for you has grown day by day, till it has completely mastered me, and—there, it is of no use to struggle; I am the stronger—and I am determined that that woman shall not take you away. You must not go with her. You must not trust her. But for my tender interest in you, and the way in which I read your case, your fate here would have been vastly different."

"Doctor Marlow! this is very cruel—this is cowardly!" panted Grace.

"Nonsense! It is my love for you. Promise me you will stay."

"I will not promise!" cried Grace, passionately. "I would do anything to get away from this dreadful place. Let go my hands, sir, or I will call for help."

"Do," he said, mockingly. "Call for help, or shall I? Surely, you ought to know better now. Suppose you do call for help, the attendants know that the head of the establishment is with one of his patients. Who will dare to interfere?"

"They will know—I will tell them—that I am not insane, and that you insult me!" cried Grace.

"They will not even come to the room at your summons," said the doctor, coolly. "If you find some other opportunity for telling them they will treat you as that man did when you tried to get away from the grounds this afternoon."

Grace stared at him helplessly.

"Yes; you see I know everything that takes place, my pretty little prisoner."

"Prisoner? Yes," cried Grace; "that is what you make me!"

"Nonsense! There, what is the use of struggling? Why not give up like a sensible little woman?"

"You villain!" cried Grace, passionately. "You, a doctor who are trusted, and who take advantage of your position like this! I may be a weak helpless girl, but I know enough to tell you that your conduct to me will be sufficient to disgrace you for life in your profession."

"Then be sensible," he whispered, as in spite of her struggles he crushed her in his arms. "Promise me that you will stay and be my wife. I am forced to speak to you as I do by the news I have just heard."

"I will not promise!" cried Grace, and in her horror and rage she struck him with all her might across the face.

"You vixen!" he cried, angrily, and then burst into a forced laugh. "Very well! if you will not surrender you must take the consequences. My dear little Gracie," he whispered, with his lips close to her ear and her arms pinioned to her sides, "You don't know yet what power the head of an asylum possesses. You are in my custody, and I tell you that you shall stay here, for my declaration that you are not fit to go back among your fellow-creatures would be quite enough to keep you, even if it were known outside."

"As it soon will be!" cried Grace, fighting hard to free herself.

"As it will not be, you foolish little bird," he said, laughing. "Your friend, Madame Clara, placed you here, and now wants to take you away; but I shall not let her, and she dare not insist—she dare not tell, or she would be betraying herself for what has been an abduction, and the authorities would make her smart."

Grace turned cold with horror and ceased her struggles.

"Ah! you see that," he said with a malignant laugh. "Madame Clara dare not stir for fear of betraying herself. She has placed you here, and here you stop till you consent to go to the church with me, and then—well, you shall stay still my pretty little patient—my little wife. There, be quiet and sensible, and accept your fate. When Madame Clara comes back I shall tell her you elect to stay."

"No. I insist upon going! Let me go Doctor Marlow. I will shriek for help!"

"Shriek, then!" he said, laughingly; and he clasped her more tightly in his arms, but loosed her directly, and was about to cross the room and shut the window; but as Grace darted to the door and tried to open it, he followed and caught her again.

"Don't be so absurd, my little love!" he whispered, as he held her to his breast and she could hear his heart beating heavily against here. "You are mine now."

"Help! Help!"

CHAPTER XXI.

A STRUGGLE.

GRACE'S voice rang out long and loud. Not that, as a rule, such a cry as hers would have had the slightest effect.

The shriek of a female patient was no unusual sound in Doctor Marlow's establishment, and excited no surprise, while the building was too remote from the road for a call to be heard.

But in this instance help came unexpectedly, in the shape of a sharp beating at the door, just at Grace's direst time of need.

"Curse them! how dare they!" cried the doctor, savagely, as Grace staggered from him and sank into a chair. "What is it?" he said, opening the door. "Miss Grace is ill—a fit."

One of the women attendants hastily made a communication to the doctor.

"What!" he cried. "Where are Edward and Smith?"

"Don't know, sir. Gone down the village I think."

"How dare they—without leave!"

The woman said something again, rapidly, that Grace, in her fear and agitation, could not catch; and the next moment the doctor went out of the room, excitedly, shutting the door after him, and the poor girl heard the catch shoot into its place with a loud and very familiar snap.

In spite of that, nerved now to make some bold effort for freedom, Grace started from her seat, and, running to the door, she tore at the handle in the vain hope of being able to drag it open.

"It is locked again! it is locked again! What shall I do? Will no one come to my help?"

She stood gazing wildly round in search of aid, her face blanched and working, and a frightened, hunted look in her eyes.

"I'd sooner die!" she cried, passionately: and, with the full intent of making a dangerous leap and risking injury for the sake of escaping, at all events, from the room, she ran towards the window.

The sounds of loud voices in angry altercation out in the passage checked her for the moment, and as she paused, wondering whether help might not, after all, be at hand—perhaps her father, with Frank Brand—and, listening with every nerve on the stretch, the thought came to her that, even if she reached the ground uninjured, there were the closed gates and the great wall, which she could not climb.

"I should only be taken and dragged back," she panted. "There are those men, too."

She seemed turned to stone as she stood there, rigid and bent, in an attitude of attention, while the noise outside in the corridor increased.

"It would be no help for me," she sobbed starting, as it were, out of a nightmare-like influence which had held her there in its grasp. "I must go! I must go! Why did I let Jack leave me when he was here?"

With frantic haste now, as she heard what sounded like a distant scuffle, she ran to the window, spurred on by the voices she heard.

She now clung to the hope that it might be her father; but she heard one voice which connected itself with Devick, and she knew that it was he who had come, for Gedge shouted loudly, the words reaching her ears—

"No nonsense! We must have her now!"

The words were uttered just outside the door, and that was enough.

The doctor or Devick, either sent a thrill of horror through her, and, throwing the window more open, she was in the act of stepping on to the sill, when a face appeared, as it were, out of the darkness, and, with a faint cry, she started back.

"Jack! You here!"

"Yes, miss. Lucky I didn't go!" cried the boy, dragging himself laboriously on to the sill and jumping into the room. "It's took me 'most half an hour climbing up there. My! it was a job!"

"Oh! Jack, Jack!" cried Grace, throwing her arms about the boy and clinging to him: "save me! save me!"

"That's just what I'm a-going to do!" cried Jack. "Lor, if I was a soldier, now, and could draw my sword," he muttered, "wouldn't I give it to some on 'em, just!"

"Is my father there, Jack?" asked Grace, clinging to him, but looking with wild eyes at the door, where the sound of fierce quarreling went on.

"No!" cried Jack; "wasn't time to fetch him, or the doctor either."

"Oh, Jack! I begged of you——"

"Well, I know that; but suppose I'd gone I couldn't have come and helped you now. What's the good o' talking like that?"

"Oh, Jack, Jack! What shall we do?"

"I d'know yet. Here, don't you hold me so jolly tight! I want to get out my weepun."

He wrestled one hand free, dived into his trousers pocket, and dragged it out again, entangled with string, and a great Seven Dials top flew across the room and starred the mirror over the mantlepiece.

"Jigger the top! Look at that! I don't care! Serve 'em right!" cried Jack, diving into his pocket again, and this time bringing out a long-handled knife, whose blade he opened with his teeth, a spring at the back securing it from closing, and turning it into a dagger.

"There!" cried the boy, striking an attitude that he had seen from the gallery at the Surrey Theatre, at a stolen visit. "Now then, come on, some of yer, and I'll let yer see!"

"Jack, you foolish boy, they are coming!" cried Grace. "Help me out of the window!"

"You can't get out there."

"I must. Quick, try and help me!"

"You'd break your legs if you was to jump. Even I dursen't. It's hard gravel down below."

"What shall we do?"

"I d'know. Yes I do. If they come in I'll keep 'em off while you go to the window and holler as loud as ever you can, and tell 'em you'll jump down off the baddlements if they dares to approach. I say, I don't look frightened, do I, Miss Grace?"

"Oh, Jack, Jack! I don't know!" cried Grace, as she left the boy for a moment and ran to the window to look out, and drew back shuddering, and then ran back to him again. "Don't leave me, Jack—don't whatever you do, don't leave me!"

"'Tain't likely!" said the boy, stoutly. "I'm the wrong sort. I'll let some on 'em have this here if they tries to touch you, see if I don't! I say, what's going on outside?" he whispered, as the noise outside the door increased.

"I don't know," groaned Grace. "It's ——"

"I know. It's Barny Gedge. I can hear him swearing."

"Will he help us?"

"Yes!" cried the boy. "No: he's at work for old Devick."

At that moment the door was thrown open with a crash as it struck the wall, and, clinging together, Doctor Marlow, Gedge, and Rixon came struggling in.

The doctor was fighting manfully; but he was alone, and his two assailants were evidently determined.

He had a short staff in his hand, and as they struggled into the room, charging together, Jack caught Grace's wrist and made for the open door; but the three men struggled back, and they had to retreat again towards the window, where they stood—the girl and boy together, watching, with dilated eyes, the fierce struggle that ensued—and listened to the hoarse panting.

"Help! help!" cried the doctor. "Boy, help!"

"Throw the cloak over his head, Bill," growled Gedge.

"How can I?" was the reply, as Rixon, who had a heavy cloak on his arm, was held by the throat by the doctor.

They struggled here: they swayed there; chairs were overturned, ornaments swept from the chimney-piece, and then they went with a crash against the centre table and nearly knocked over the lamp; but though Jack gripped Grace's wrist with one hand and held his knife dagger-wise with the other, ready to make a dart and escape through the door, the opportunity would not come.

The doctor's cries for help were repeated: but the struggle had been going on so long that they were not likely to be heard beyond the room.

All the same, though, they alarmed his assailants.

"Why don't you drag the cloak away?" growled Gedge, who, probably strung up with drink, seemed to be wonderfully strong and active.

"How can I" growled Rixon. "He's as strong as a horse. Hold his arm!"

There was a fierce struggle for a minute, and Rixon dragged himself free, and began to open the big cloak he held, watching his opportunity to throw it over the doctor's head.

"Now!" cried Gedge. "Now!"

Gedge had reckoned without his host for, freed from one of his assailants, the doctor wrenched himself clear and stood at bay in a corner of the room, with the short constable's staff in his hand.

"Now you've done it!" growled Gedge. "Go in at him—never mind his staff!"

"Go in at him yourself!" cried Rixon.

Whatever Gedge's failings might be, cowardice was not one of them, for with wonderful activity he advanced and sprang at the doctor, received a blow aimed at him upon his left arm, closed with him: there were a few moments' renewed struggle as he wrested the staff away.

Then there was a dull-sounding blow, a heavy fall, and Gedge stood there panting, with the doctor lying stunned upon the carpet.

"It's you who's done it now, Barny," said Rixon.

"Serve him right! He nearly broke my arm."

"And you've broke his skull. Well, if you've killed him, there's witnesses as I didn't do it."

"Hold your row, you cur! Now then, look alive, or those chaps may be back again."

"Or the women get out of the room where we locked 'em, mate. I say," he whispered, "we can't do it with that boy there. Let's cut."

"Hold your tongue, you cur!" growled Gedge. "Come on."

Grace had turned faint at first, and had stood helplessly clinging to Jack, a witness of the scene that seemed to make her blood curdle.

Now, however, that Gedge was advancing towards her, the spirit and energy seemed to come back to her heart.

"Now then," said Gedge; "we've come to take you away from this place. There's a carriage waiting. Come along."

"No!" cried Grace; "keep back, I will not go with you."

"Now don't be foolish," said Gedge, who was still panting heavily from the struggle he had gone through. "We don't want to hurt you, and if you'll just take my arm, I'll walk you down quietly, like a lady, to the carriage, and there'll be no more to do. Come along."

"No!" cried Grace, firmly; "touch me if you dare! Help!"

"Silence," roared Gedge, savagely. "You Jack Dee, get out o' the way 'fore you're hurt."

"Sha'n't!" cried Jack. "You, Barny Gedge, you keep off 'fore you're hurt. I'm armed."

"Hark at the young cock trying to crow," said Gedge, laughing. "There, and away, boy. No nonsense."

"Barny Gedge, you won't be such a sneak as to try and get her away again?"

"Won't I?" cried Gedge, advancing at Grace; and Jack retreated round the table, keeping it between them, and making slowly for the door.

"No, you don't," said Gedge, savagely; and he darted back, placing himself between them and the way of escape. "You, Jack, stand away."

"Jack, don't leave me," cried Grace, clinging to him.

"Wish I may die if I do," cried Jack, fiercely. "Keep off, Barny, or I'll stab you as sure as I'm alive!"

"Knife away," cried Gedge. "Now Bill, you go that way," he whispered; "I'll tackle the boy and hold him—he won't use the knife. Throw the cloak right over her head. Ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready," was growled, and Grace saw that the cloak was being opened, and divined its purpose.

"Now then, ready?"

"Yes."

"Off!"

The two men advanced, one on either side of the table, and Grace gave a quick glance round for some way of escape; but there was none.

There lay the doctor, apparently stunned perhaps killed; the men were between them and the door; her bedroom was behind her, but the window of that was small and barred.

There was still the sitting-room window, their only hope, and drawing a long breath as the men came slowly and watchfully round the table, Rixon making for her, and Gedge ready with his staff to strike down the boy's hand, she whispered very low to Jack—

"Quick, the window! we must surely jump!"

"No, you don't," cried Gedge, speaking as if he had heard her words, for he had seen her determination in her eyes.

As he spoke, he sprang forward, and was between them and that way of escape their last.

"Now Bill, quick," he cried.

Jack seemed to raise the knife to strike, and Gedge made a feint.

So did Jack.

Grace involuntarily sprang back to avoid the cloak that was slowly arising over her like a cloud, and Jack's feint was successful.

Instead of striking at Gedge, he swung the knife-armed hand round and swept the lamp from the table.

There was a loud crash and shivering of glass, and then silence.

The room was in total darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BY THE SEA.—Among the curious superstitions which we still sometimes meet with is the sailors' fancy for whistling for the wind, and cases are known where naval officers of high rank have cast money into the sea to obtain a fair wind. This, no doubt, has arisen from the well-known Venetian superstition of casting a ring into the sea to assuage its wrath. This custom is thought to have been derived from a grant which Pope Alexander III. gave the people of Venice as a reward for their having assisted in his restoration to the papal chair—viz., that they should "have power over the Adriatic Sea as a man has over his wife."

Perhaps this was satire on the part of the Pope. There are men—married men—who will say they have, without any grant at all, quite as much power over one as the other! But whatever theories there may be, the fact remains that the Doge of Venice generally upon Ascension Day (some forty days after Easter, used to regard the ceremony of ring-casting up to a comparatively late period.

He would start in royal state, attended by all the Venetian nobles in a thousand gondolas, till he arrived at one special spot in the Adriatic. Then he emptied upon its bosom a large quantity of holy water which he had taken with him for that purpose, and which was supposed to procure a calm.

This strange ceremony concluded, the Doge proceeded with great solemnity to drop into the ocean a very valuable golden ring, at the same time repeating the words, in Latin: "We espouse, thee, O sea, in token of real and perpetual dominion over thee."

But, notwithstanding this yearly betrothal the Adriatic Sea, like all other seas, has maintained its independence, receiving the gifts of the Doge of Venice with a smiling face, but giving no promise in return. Indeed, the sea seems to be of a very independent character; but there has never been but one yet whose voice she has obeyed.

Even the command of the great Canute, that she should come no further, was set at naught by her. So after awhile the Doge divorced her, giving her no more golden rings or words of promise.

OUR true knowledge is to know our own ignorance. Our true strength is to know our own weakness. Our true dignity is to confess that we have no dignity, and are nobody and nothing in ourselves, and to cast ourselves down before the dignity of God, under the shadow of whose wings and in the smile of whose countenance alone is any created being safe.

A PIECE of cruelty of the most distressing sort is by a New York paper, which intimates that not a few of the "Algernons," "Reginalds," "Arthurs," "Keyries" and "Granvilles" of society to-day were twenty or five and twenty years ago christened James, John, Peter, Robert or William.

Bric-a-Brac.

A TRAVELING GARDEN.—Ferdinand I. of Naples prided himself upon the variety and excellence of the fruit produced in his royal gardens, one of which was called Paradise. Duke Hercules, of Ferrara, had a garden celebrated for its fruits in one of the islands of the Po. The Duke of Milan, Ludovico, carried this kind of luxury so far, that he had a traveling fruit garden; and the trees were brought to his table, or into his chamber, that he might with his own hands gather the living fruit.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—Dr. John Hunter, the eminent surgeon, adopted a rule which may be recommended to all. When a friend asked him how he had been able to accomplish so much in the way of study and discovery in his busy life he answered, "My rule is deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the work is practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it; and, having begun, I never stop until the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success in life."

DOUBLE DECKER.—The first double-decked ship built in England was of 1,000 tons burthen, by order of Henry VIII., 1400; it was called the Great Harry, and cost $70,000. Before this twenty-four gun ships were the largest in their navy, and these had no port-holes, the guns being on the upper decks only. Port-holes were invented by Descharges, a French builder at Brest, in 1500. There were not above four merchant ships of 120 tons burthen in any part of the world before 1551. The first ship of the burthen of 800 tons was built in England in 1597.

ONLY CHILDREN.—In reference to the circumstances of his being an only child, Lord Byron, in one of his journals, mentions some curious coincidences in his family, which to a mind disposed as his was to regard everything connected with himself as out of the ordinary course of events, would naturally appear even more strange and singular than they are. "I have been thinking," he says, "of an odd circumstance. My daughter (1), my wife (2), my half-sister (3), my mother (4), my sister's mother (5), my natural daughter (6), and myself (7), are, or were all only children. My sister's mother (Lady Conyers) and my only half-sister by that second marriage (herself, too, an only child), and my father had only me, an only child, by his second marriage with my mother, an only child too. Such a complication of only children, all tending to one family, is singular enough, and looks like fatality almost." He then adds, characteristically, "But the fiercest animals have the fewest numbers in their litters, as lions, tigers, and even elephants, which are mild in comparison."

THE FOX'S CUNNING.—A pleasing incident, that adds to the fox's reputation for shrewdness that is somewhat better than cunning, appears in a Liverpool paper. A Scotch correspondent writes to that journal: "One of the stalkers in the deer forest here has a young fox which he caught when quite a cub, and which he keeps chained to a kennel near his cottage. The other day he gave the creature a dead crow, thinking he might like the amusement of eating it; but Reynard, after careful consideration, thought the bird's condition rather called for decent burial, and therefore he dug with his forepaws a large enough hole in front of his kennel, and when finished he put the bird into it, laying it on its back, with its claws in the air. The stalker, who was watching the animal, saw him then scrape the loose earth over the bird so as to quite cover its body; but the legs still stuck up in the air. These legs seemed to annoy him a good deal, and he tried to press them down with his nose. Failing in this, and, after evidently turning the matter over in his mind, he bit the legs off, laid them flat beside the bird and then covered everything over with earth."

ITS ORIGIN.—The origin of salt is discussed in an article in a prominent magazine which, after stating some of the purely verbal explanations, says one can only give some such account of the way it came to be "the briny" as the following: 'This world was once a haze of fluid light, as the poets and the men of science agree in informing us. As soon as it began to cool down a little, the heavier materials naturally sank towards the centre, while the lighter, now represented by the ocean and the atmosphere, floated in a gaseous condition on the outside. But the great envelopement of vapor thus produced did not consist merely of the constituents of air and water; many other gases and vapors mingled with them, as still they do to a far less extent in our existing atmosphere. By-and-by, as the cooling and condensing process continued, the water settled down from the condition of steam into one of a liquid at a dull red heat. As it condensed, it carried down with it a great many other substances, held in solution, whose component elements had previously existed in the primitive gaseous atmosphere. Thus the early ocean which covered the whole earth was in all probability not only very salt, but also quite thick, with other mineral matters, close up to the point of saturation. It was full of lime, and raw flint, and sulphates and many other miscellaneous bodies. Moreover, it was not only just as salt as at the present day, but even a great deal salter. For from that time to this evaporation has constantly been going on in certain shallow isolated areas, laying down great beds of gypsum and then of salt, which still remain in the solid condition, while the water has, of course, been correspondingly purified.

HOW IT GREW.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

On a mossy bank one day
Corin sat and piped away;
  Blackbirds listened to the strain
That throughout the woodlands rang;
  Throstles echoed the refrain,
Though they knew not what he sang.
  Clearer, sweeter still it grew,
  Something beautiful and true,
  Something old and something new,
  So love grew.

Stella, seated nigh the stream,
Heard the music in her dream;
  Something in it did her rise,
Something drew her willing feet,
  Something brought tears to her eyes,
To her lips a smile full sweet.
  What it was she scarcely knew,
  Yet 'twas beautiful and true—
  Something old and something new,
  So love grew.

Corin saw the vision fair
Summoned by his music rare.
  "I have called to thee so long,"
Said he, "on this summer day."
  "When I heard," said she, "thy song,
I to come made no delay."
  What had happened?—ah! they knew,
  Something beautiful and true,
  Something old and something new,
  So love grew.

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

THE two men remained in the quiet corner for half-an-hour.

At first, amusement was the predominant emotion in Bertie's heart, but this soon gave place to relief and thankfulness.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, at last. "Bruce forgive me; and yet——"

"I scarcely deserve forgiveness; you are right. I believed, like a credulous fool. But don't think I have escaped punishment; I have had enough of that, Bertie, to satisfy even you. But come and see Floris. If there was anything wanting to complete her happiness, your presence will supply it—we have talked of you so much, old fellow. How did you get home?—not invalid—not wounded?" and he looked him over anxiously.

"Invalid, but not wounded," said Bertie; "but I am all right now. I shall be able to dance at your wedding, Bruce," he said, with a faint flush. "Wait a moment, will you?" he added, as Lord Norman was for taking him to Floris. "This Oscar Raymond; you remember the man, of course! See here, Bruce, I don't want to startle you, but I have news of him."

"News of Oscar Raymond?" repeated Lord Norman, as if the name were difficult for him to pronounce calmly.

Bertie nodded gravely.

"Yes. I came by the overland route, you know; my doctor insisted upon my making a round of it, anxious as I was to reach England. At Genoa we stayed at the 'Three Keys' Hotel——"

"Yes, yes, I know it."

"—The night we stayed there a man was found dead in the room. He was an Englishman, there could be no doubt about that, but there was nothing to lead to his identification excepting a cigar case with the initials 'O. R.'"

Lord Norman started and bit his lip.

"Did you see it—the case?"

"Yes."

"It was a Russian leather case with the Christchurch arms on the back."

"Yes," assented Bertie. "You know it?"

"It was one I gave him when we were at college together," said Lord Norman gravely. "You saw him?"

"Yes, for a moment. Now I know of this strange story, I remember enough of the face to trace a likeness, but this man's hair was iron-grey—almost entirely grey I am sure."

"It is the same man. Great Heavens! Dead so soon!"

"Yes, and died by his own hand. We found a bottle of chloral by the bedside; there was no doubt in the doctor's mind. We did all we could, and I stayed and saw him buried. What did you say, Bruce?" for Lord Norman had murmured something.

"Vengeance is mine!" he said aloud and solemnly. "Don't tell me any more, Bertie; and—and—not a word to Floris. Come to her now."

But Bertie held back for a moment longer.

"I think I'll call in the morning, Bruce," he said in a low voice, but at that moment her voice was heard behind them, and the next she had caught sight of him.

In an instant she broke from the arm of Sir Joseph, who accompanied her, and came towards Bertie with outstretched hands and glowing eyes.

"At last!" she breathed, as he held her hands, both of them utterly indifferent to the people around them. "At last! Oh, how glad I am! How I have longed for you to come back! How glad, how glad I am! Where did you find him, Bruce? It only wanted this——"

"What did I tell you, Bertie?" said Lord Norman, with quiet triumph.

Bertie said nothing, not a word, but probably, like the parrot, he thought the more.

Certain it is that from that moment he became indeed a brother to the beautiful woman, and that, though he never married and was a constant visitor—more constant by a very great deal than brothers are—Bruce never felt the slightest twinge of jealousy.

* * * * * *

It was a very quiet wedding, at least that was how Lady Betty described it, though, as Floris said, if hers was a quiet one she pitied the bride who had to endure a grand one.

The date of the wedding had got about, perhaps Lady Betty whispered it in the strictest confidence to a lady friend or two, and the little chapel in the Savoy was crammed.

All Floris's friends were there, the Lynches and Doctor Greene included; and the great duke who was related to Bruce, at his own request gave the bride away.

Bertie was best man, and not a few of the young ladies who were present cast pensive glances in his direction; but Bertie seemed to think on this, as on all other occasions, that there was only one woman in the world worth thinking of, and as he could not have her, the rest, as Hamlet says, "was silence."

The wedding breakfast was a great success, principally, I think, because there were few speeches, and those short ones: and amongst the presents spread out on the drawing-room tables, amidst the articles of gold and silver and the splendid jewels, was a bunch of rare orchids from Florence, with Mrs. Sinclair's best wishes.

Floris looked very beautiful; indeed the great society paper declared emphatically that she would be the most lovely bride of the season; and Bruce, who had lost his haggard look, was, as Doctor Greene remarked, "as fit as a man could be."

They had decided to spend the honeymoon at Norman Holme; they both had had enough of the Continent for the present and soon after the breakfast they started, the guests thronging the entrance hall with the usual rice and slippers, most of the latter, it is scarcely necessary to state, striking the coachman and footman.

One honeymoon is generally very much like another, but Floris and Bruce's was an exception to the rule.

They had so nearly lost each other that their re-union had seemed almost miraculous, and Bruce would sit and look at her sometimes, in the quiet of the after-dinner hour, and ask himself what he had done to deserve this great joy which had fallen to him!

After three weeks of this perfect happiness, Floris, who was rather a clever young lady, proposed, of her own accord, they should go to town.

"Go to town, Flo!" he echoed, with surprise. "You don't mean to say that you are tired of the Holme and double blessedness; that the honeymoon has got to bore you already?"

She went up to him and put her arms round his neck, and turned her face up to his with a tempting smile, behind which, however, there was a certain seriousness.

"Am I tired, or bored, Bruce? No; you know that I am not! You know that if I were condemned to pass the remainder of my life alone with you, but I don't think I will pamper your vanity, Bruce, so I will stop there. No! I love the Holme, and I love the people! Why, I never go outside the gates but they make me feel as if I had lived amongst them all my life, instead of having only come to them a week or two ago——"

"Well, then!" he broke in.

"Don't interrupt a lady, though she be your wife, sir! No, I am neither tired nor bored, but I don't intend that you shall be. Therefore, I think I'd like to go to town, Bruce! They say all newly married wives are selfish; now I don't mean to drift into selfishness. I am as happy as—as—what is the happiest creature on earth, Bruce? But I don't forget that there is no shooting in June, that all the world is in London, that you miss your club and your friends, and do you think I'll let you sacrifice all your amusements on the hymeneal altar?"

He did not speak for a moment, but he gathered her in his great arms and kissed her fervently.

"Flo, my dear," he said, with mock gravity; "I did think when I married you that I should get over the absurd and ridiculous passion for you which has been the torment of my life! Most men do after their marriage, don't they? But I see that there is to be no relief for me. I knew that I had married the prettiest girl in England, but I had yet to learn that I had got the artfullest too. It is you who want to go to town, of course, but you put my 'amusement' forward as the excuse, equally of course! All right, we'll go!"

So they went to London, but the honeymoon was not over, and they went without fuss or notice to their friends.

"Let us enjoy ourselves together for a week or two at least," said Bruce. "We won't go to the London house but put up at Claridge's, and we'll just take a holiday as Susan the housemaid and James the footman do when they are mated. We'll go to the theatres, and do the galleries and concerts, and I'll row you to Taplow-on-the-Thames on especially fine days, and you shall be quite a Bohemian."

And they carried out their little plan to perfection.

The ceremony and hard work pertaining to her as the Countess of Norman were put off for awhile, and they devoted themselves to each other like "Susan and James."

One night, as they were returning from one of the theatres, their little brougham broke down near Leicester Square.

It was nothing very serious, and no one was hurt, not even the horse.

Bruce got Floris out in a moment, and was calling a cab, when Floris, who had got on a bonnet and a thick plain wrap, said—

"It is a lovely night, Bruce. Can't we walk?"

"All right," he said. "You are sure you are wrapped up?"

"Perfectly; and the walk will be so nice. I've never walked in London so late as this. How strange it looks."

He took her on his arm, lit a cigar, and they walked towards home.

To avoid the crowded thoroughfares, Lord Norman turned down a quiet street, and they were just passing a French cafe, the lights from the windows of which quite lit up the street, when the door was violently thrown open, and a woman came hurrying out.

She was weeping bitterly, but in a dull, heavy fashion, as if she were accustomed to it; and Floris, seeing her, pressed Lord Norman's arm and whispered:

"Oh, Bruce, that poor woman, see!"

He turned his head, and at the moment a man, evidently intoxicated, came out of the cafe, looked round in search of the woman, and with a tipsy oath, aimed a blow at her.

Lord Norman was just in time to seize his shaky arm and push him back against the wall.

The man stared at him for a moment, then mumbling incoherently, shuffled and staggered back into the house.

Floris, whose pity was always, as Bruce said, ready for man or beast, went to the woman and touched her on the arm.

"Poor creature," she murmured.

The woman dropped her apron from her eyes, and Floris started back.

It was Josine!

Josine, a pale, careworn, harassed-looking woman, with sunken eyes and tear-swollen lips; there was a dark red stain on one side of her face, showing that the brute had already struck her before she had left the house.

Floris shrank back into the shadow, and Bruce came up to her.

"Are you hurt?" he said, quietly; "is there anything I can do for you?"

Josine shook her head dully and despairfully.

"No, sir; he is my husband. Look at my face!" she raised her head to the light, "look at me! He who did that was the man I raised from beggary, my husband! He has spent all my money, and——"

She stopped and shrank back with a cry of fear and dread, for the light had fallen upon Bruce's face, and she had recognized him.

"Milord Norman," she gasped. "Oh, mercy, milord, mercy," and she seemed about to fall on her knees; but Floris caught her arm and held her on her feet, murmuring words of forgiveness and pity.

She would have stopped with her goodness knows how long, and would have taken her away, but Bruce drew her to him with gentle firmness.

"Come now, Floris, you can do nothing to-night. I will come and see you to-morrow, Josine. You have behaved very wickedly, but you have received your punishment, my poor girl."

"Yes, yes, milord," sobbed Josine, gesticulating wildly. "It was all the money. If I had not had Lady Blanche's money this man would not have married me, and I should have been spared this," and she pointed to the scarlet stain on her white face. "Ah, we were very clever, milord, but it is Miladi Floris who has won the game after all, while we——" and with a shrug of her shoulders and a dull sob she went into the house.

* * * * * *

On a night in June, when the season was at its height, was held one of the great State balls.

The room was very crowded, and dancing was rendered almost impossible.

For the most part the brilliant throng gathered in groups and chattered, while they listened to the music or watched the dancers who had found sufficient courage to take the floor.

The centre of one of these groups was Floris Countess of Norman.

She had never looked more lovely than she looked to-night, and it was no wonder that with her beauty and the vague air of romance that had come about her, London should be metaphorically at her feet.

Close by her side, as usual, was Bertie, and not very far off young Lord Harry, whose devotion to Bruce was almost dog-like in its intensity.

Bruce had attempted a waltz with someone, but had found the attempt a failure, and was sitting it out with his partner in a cool nook near the door.

Presently his partner was taken away from him by the man to whom she was next engaged, and Bruce was making his way to his wife's side, when he came full tilt upon Lady Blanche.

She was so much altered that for the moment he was staggered; but the next, as he met the calm, serene gaze of the brown, velvety eyes, his heart swelled with a righteous anger.

She held out her hand with a cold, icy smile, though her heart may have been beating wildly notwithstanding.

Lord Norman touched her hand with his fingers, and stood regarding her.

"How do you do, Bruce?" she said. "I did not know you were in town. We have just come back. Is—" she paused a second, "is Lady Norman quite well?"

He bowed.

"Yes, we have just come back. I suppose I ought to tell you that I am engaged to be married to the Count d'Encion."

Bruce knew him; an old man, and a bad one.

"To the Count d'Encion?" he said, speaking for the first time, his eyes stern and cold. "Then I may conclude that you will spend a greater portion of your time in Paris?"

"Yes, certainly," she said. "Why?"

"Because, as Lady Norman would decline any invitations to houses which you intended visiting, it would be as well to know when you were in town."

Lady Blanche rose, she had sunk on to a chair, and looked at him; she was deathly white and breathing hard.

"You, you do not forgive or forget, it seems, Bruce."

"I forgive, we both forgive, and we are anxious to forget; that is why I do not intend my wife to meet you, Blanche," he said calmly.

She opened her fan, shut it with a sudden click, and turned from him.

A few minutes afterwards he heard "Lady Seymour's carriage" called for.

He could forgive Oscar Raymond, dead by his own hand; he could forgive Josine, with her drunken husband as a punishment; but he could forgive, entirely and completely, Lady Blanche!

[THE END]

The Little Unknown.

BY HENRY FRITH.

EVERY reader of common sagacity will readily perceive at once how the following autobiography was communicated; and therefore I will not, as is too much the fashion among authors by profession, trouble them with unnecessary explanation.

Suffice it to say that the authenticity of the narrative is unquestionable, for I had it from the individual's own mouth, and I have not altered one syllable.

Sceptical persons might doubt the existence of those very precocious talents which enabled Baby at the early age of twenty-four hours to deliver the painful relation of all its experience and sufferings in this world; but when it is recollected that the human mind often exhibits wonderful phenomena amid the bright glances which precede death, it will be acknowledged that the present memoir is the result of one of these half mundane, half celestial illuminations of the spirit.

"My first perception of life," said Baby, "or at least the first particular which I consider it fitting to record, for I am not like a German biographer, who would go farther back, to the very beginning of things, was my being handed from the rough grasp of a man into the arms of a very filthy old woman.

"I cannot describe to you the disgust I felt at the hag. Her countenance was most forbidding, her eyes inflamed, her nose reddened towards the point, and her breath abominably injected with the odors of a transparent fluid called gin.

"I did not know, on inhaling the scent of this offensive compound, what it was; but the wretch was determined that I should not long remain in ignorance of its effects, either in a gaseous or a liquid form.

"It was evident, from my entrance into the world, that this monster entertained a design against my life; and though I resisted with all the energy of a free-born and independent infant, the contest was too unequal, and I finally sunk beneath her machinations and those of my other cruel persecutors.

"The moment I perceived that her intentions were fatal, I set up a squall which you might have heard, in the stillness of the night, quite across the square; but it was utterly disregarded, or rather made the subject of mockery.

"'There's a stout boy,' cried the demon. 'I'll warrant ye that will expand the bones of his head for him!'

"My poor head indeed was the immediate object of her attack; for, taking another gulp of gin from a glass, and sporting some of the fiery fluid into her hand, she instantly deluged my skull with it, and rubbed with all her might.

"Oh! the dreadful torture which I endured!

"The burning substance penetrated through the fontanelle, or mole of the head to my very brain, and scorched it into agony.

"I writhed and screamed in vain; and, the paroxysm of madness over, uttered a low and piteous moaning which might have melted the heart of a fiend. But mercy was never meant for me.

"Conscious of my inherent rights and dignity as a free man-child, and resolved to support both at the expense of my fortune and existence, oppression and tyranny were soon leagued against me, and I was crushed by the foul combination.

"Not yet a quarter of an hour old, the barbarous usage I had undergone was but a prelude to the whole iniquitous course which was systematically pursued against me by all but one being, who, from her affection to me, was exposed to almost equally relentless persecution.

"My poor mamma, she alone showed any sympathy for Baby; but she was too powerless to afford me efficient succor in aid of my brave exertions.

"Finding that the application of the gin, though it turned my brain, did not absolutely destroy me, the old woman, whom they called Nurse (Curse would have been a fuster title), endeavored to kill me in another way.

"There was a large brown pan in the middle of the apartment filled with tepid water, and into this the murderess plunged me headlong.

"She thought she could drown me, but again my activity and presence of mind prevailed, and I saved myself from a watery grave by the vigor with which I kicked, and the force with which I squalled out.

"Astonished by my courageous conduct, and baffled in her vile scheme, the tigress was compelled to desist; but if she could accomplish the murder, she could gratify her spite, which she did by taking an opportunity to scrape me from head to foot more in the manner of a dead pig than a living boy.

"I was much hurt by this process; my excoriated skin smarted all over, and I could do nothing but cry and howl as if my lungs were bursting.

"To this natural appeal no attention whatever was paid by my unnatural enemies.

"The next attempt upon me was of a different, but hardly less infamous character.

"Laying me in her lap, the old woman took a long roll of linen and began to swathe me up. Round and round did she whirl me, and I never experienced such a sensation of giddiness before as that which now overcame me.

"I could frame an idea what it was to be tumbled about; but to be tossed and gyred in this violent manner was too much to be borne.

"I was, however, reduced to passive endurance by being so tightly bound, and so worn out by the conflict I had maintained, that I seemed almost reckless of what was done to me.

"I fancied at last they were going to execute me without the formality of judge or jury; for they put an ugly cap upon my head, and brought a band under my chin across my throat to strangle me, drawing the ligature even to suffocation. I cannot tell how I escaped, but I did escape this, the third attempt upon my life, within the first thirty minutes of its duration.

"A very few moments' repose being now allowed me, I began to reflect upon my hapless condition. Here was I, without a friend in the world who could help me, with a bold and uncompromising spirit, it is true, but comparatively weak and defenceless; here was I, naked and exposed to the most diabolical malice of foes, who had obviously entered into a conspiracy to make away with me by some means or other. What could I do? To whom could I appeal?

"There was no one to take my part. But I will not anticipate events; they crowded fast enough into my miserable span, as you shall now hear without being troubled with any reflections upon them.

"Having walked into the world about midnight, I looked at the timepiece on the mantel-shelf, and found that I had been more than two hours in this busy life; but circumstances had crowded so rapidly into space, and I had been made so utterly miserable by the stirring scenes in which I acted so important a part, that I felt no appetite whatever.

"On the contrary, I seemed to entertain a loathing for food; my indignation may therefore be conceived when I observed the odious female, to whom I have so often already had occasion to allude, preparing some diet, and evidently for me.

"I knew it by the scowl upon her countenance, as she took up a bottle and poured some of its contents into a silver teaspoon.

"My presentiment was almost instantly realized. Seizing me quickly unawares, I had barely a moment to extend my jaws in the act of bawling for assistance, when the gag or spoon was thrust into my mouth, and the whole of its nauseous freight forced down my throat.

"Scream I could not; a sort of gurgling noise was all that could be heard. I sank back, and thus tasted the first of bitterness which my youthful stomach was doomed to receive.

"I have intimated that, like other geniuses, I was born with literary tastes, and a taste for the fine arts.

"I am sure, had my life been prolonged, I should have turned a celebrated author as well as painter; as it has been decreed, I can only el im the fame of being 'The Little Unknown.'

"But there was something curious in the coincidence that my earliest acquaintance with literature and painting should be so vastly disagreeable as to consist of my reading Doctor Winkle on soothing infant mixtures, whence I had been poisoned; and swallowing that stuff which might have been the medium of a nobler production than it was now destined to produce. Mingled with the tints of a Titian, it might have created an immortal Venus. But I will not pursue the contrast.

"A sense of sickness took possession of me. I asked myself, 'Is this the food of human beings? Is it for the enjoyment of such delicacies as this that gourmandism and sensuality fill so prodigious an extent in the existence of men?' If it be so, how I pity them! Ah, were their palates as pure as mine, how would they abhor such indulgences!

"I am ashamed to own it; but as this is a biography of truth (and, I believe, the only one ever written), I must confess, a la Rousseau, that I internally exclaimed, with an oath, 'It is—— bad!' The recording angel, I trust, considering my provocation, would deal mercifully with this offence.

"Fatigue had now completely exhausted me, and sleep began to steal over my faculties. A yawn was the sign of this soporific condition; and will it be credited that the wretched nurse would not even permit this natural symptom?

"Inured to suffering, sleep at length closed my weary eyelids, and I slumbered free from sorrows for a while. But was the mere insensibility of tired nature, not a sweet and refreshing repose.

"Ignorant people, and especially poets, talk of balmy sleep being like an infant's. Bah! they must have forgotten their infancy the swaddling which precludes free respiration, the other incumbrances of babyhood. For my share I had a horrid dream. I fancied I was put away from the world again, and I could, but I will not, a tale untold.

"I woke but to fresh troubles, to new and unheard-of inflictions, of which it is almost impossible to state whether the utter nastiness or the barbarity were the most shameful.

"Like a criminal from the rack, condemned to undergo further ordeals, no sooner did the nurse notice that I was taking a survey of the chamber than she immediately darted upon her prey.

"From a small skillet or pan she spooned fort a thickish, unpleasant substance—whether called pap or gruel I never could learn, for I heard both names applied indiscriminately—and first—oh, beast!—drawing the mess through an ordeal of mouth never to be forgotten, she poked the revolting spoonful almost into my throat. Reject it I could not; down it went.

"In flavor certainly not so abominable as my breakfast of soothing mixture, this my second meal was rendered no less obnoxious by the process of its administration or service.

"Surely in this instance, whoever sent the meal, the demon inspired the cook.

"The consequence might easily have been foreseen, but it was very hard that, from no excess of my own, I was attacked with cholera, the fashionable name for what my grand-mamma, in ultra-refinement, termed a stomach complaint.

"But whether called by a learned Greek, a fashionable, or a vulgar name, I was compelled to endure what I had been compelled to incur.

"I was no volunteer glutton or drunkard; superior to man, I had not made the ill of which I had so much cause to complain.

"Had it not been for the continuance of my malady, I might have fancied that the world was not a perpetual sheol.

"For several hours I was not meddled with.

"A great piece of flannel was wrapped round my head and shoulders, and I was smothered in the bed, which had something of warmth more consonant to my constitutional habits than the cold of a winter night to which I had been so much exposed.

"A weary period having elapsed, I was removed from my rest.

"The fire yet burned cheerfully, but the candle had grown to an immense wick, with a top like the dome of St. Paul's and a light dim and flickering.

"Nurse sat by the fireside in a great arm-chair, smelling more than ever of the beverage which was as the breath of her nostrils; that breath, by-the-by, was ever and anon tuned to a deep, but by no means musical, diapason.

"Lying on her knee during one of these naps, I gazed around with that degree of curiosity which, new situations commonly excite, for I naturally wished to become acquainted with the manners, habits, and customs of my fellow-creatures.

"The view impressed me with no idea of comfort.

"Phials with labels about their necks, pipkins, basins, clothes, chairs, and tables at all sorts of angles, &c., &c., &c., seemed so untidy, that I could well understand why it was called a sick-room; it was enough to make anybody sick.

"As morning approached, two or three maids began to peep in.

"They giggled, walked on tiptoe, and appeared as highly elated as if each had borne a son of her own.

"They drank with the nurse, and carried off some tea and sugar to make breakfast. One or two of them looked at me, and observed that I was a nasty-looking brat, after which they laughed, and took a glass, whispering, as far as I could gather, a great deal of impertinent nonsense.

"Carrying me in her arms, the nurse about this time went towards the window, and quietly withdrawing the curtain, lest my mamma should observe how malignantly she was treating me, exposed me to the full glare of morning.

"The flash of pain was excessive.

"Instinct shut up my eyes, or I should have been blinded for life.

"But this was only one of the many miseries heaped upon me.

"Soon after, my first acquaintance on earth returned, under pretence of inquiring about my health.

"The villain, in my own hearing, approved of all that had been done to me, and spoke of repeating the same kind of usage if I presumed to dispute their authority.

"While he was talking, another man came in, who I soon gathered was another enemy of mine.

"Indeed, I saw now that he was the origin of all my distress—the instigator of my persecution; and, like a coward, bribed others to commit the crime he had not courage to perpetrate with his own hands.

"I tried hard to divine what new plot was hatching against me, but could not make it out.

"I only observed this fellow slip the bribe into the open fingers of the other, who, though called doctor, which is derived from learning, looked smilingly like a murderer, evidently promised acquiescence, and walked away, grinning most diabolically as he conveyed the gold to his pocket.

"The noise, I presume, waked my poor mamma, for she uttered a low noise, and moved slightly on her pillow.

"Alas! it was but to provoke outrage; the second savage strode up to the bed, and putting his face close to hers, gave her a smack, which, though partially concealed, was perfectly audible to my ear.

"How I longed for a giant's strength to punish the miscreant; but I was condemned to a similar fate.

"The suffering saint was so accustomed to ill-treatment, that she only smiled faintly and waved her pale hand, when the assassin quitted his prey and advanced towards me.

"My rage and hatred were inconceivable; I think I could have repelled him had he assailed me alone, but one of his infamous associates was still left to help him; she held me towards him, and he served me exactly as he had served my martyr of a mother.

"Till then I knew not the pang she had borne with such patient resignation; of all the pains I had yet encountered it was the most poignant and severe.

"His chin was armed all over with sharp spears, and short but cutting knives; and these, by a dexterous motion, such as only long practice could have taught the tormentor, he contrived to stab into every pore of his victim's face.

"I screeched, and I saw the tears come into mamma's eyes; but the others, as before, only made a scoff of my agony.

"'He is a charming boy, and your very picture; he is indeed his papa's own!' said the nurse (as confounded a falsehood as ever was uttered, and besides, my countenance was so distorted that I was like nothing human); and then papa chuckled out a hoarse laugh, and taking his purse, without the least affectation of secrecy, bribed and rewarded his other vile companion.

"A few words passed between them; and again inflicting the torture upon his unresisting wife, the flinty-hearted tyrant withdrew.

"I had hitherto preserved considerable resolution under the indignities and dangers that pressed me exceedingly.

"I clearly perceived that the only living creature attached to me by sympathy was exposed to the worst of injuries on that account.

"I saw that she was broken-spirited and uncomplaining, though decidedly unable to undergo, as I had done, the continued attacks of our adversaries.

"As a proof of this, I may state that she took a cup of the mixture which the nurse presented to her, without even kicking or squalling.

"My soul died within me, and the shock of my feelings, I have no doubt, hastened my own dissolution.

"Well, the day wore on; several women called in for a few minutes, and all seemed of a mind that I ought to be made away with.

"One advised a second spoonful of the mixture as the means; another something named Daddy's Elixir; a third a drop or two of gin, on which the nurse swallowed a bumper aside, to show, as it were, how it might be taken without flinching.

"Among the rest was a very old female, whom they styled grandmamma, because she was dressed in a stately guise.

"This hideous person disguised herself by putting two round glasses over her eyes, and then came close to me.

"Oh! the insufferable beldam, a powder of the most pungent and acrid nature, which she had concealed about her nose till near enough to shake it over my innocent organs was so cunningly applied that I was not even aware of the insidious act till, in the midst of fondling, the whole catastrophe overwhelmed me.

"I endeavored to ease myself by sneezing, upon which the company burst out into a titter.

"My curse be upon them for their inhumanity!

"By degrees we were left again to night and solitude; but my nerves had been so lacerated, and my consitution so impaired, that it soon became too evident the machinations of the conspirators were likely to terminate their contentment.

"Lest it should be too slow, one of them was again sent for—my first worthy friend—and he ordered more poisons to be forced down my throat.

"In nothing was I left to nature: my very limbs were encumbered, as if they had dreaded that, being born a *sansculotte*, I should die. The inconvenience of this, I will not describe.

I was born to ill-luck in everything, to good luck in nothing.

"Flayed, drowned, insulted, incapacitated, smothered, abused, tortured, poisoned, is it to be wondered at that I resigned myself quietly to the prospect of a release?

"My poor mamma was unhappy, and cried, and the last of the conspirators appeared upon the stage.

"He was a ferocious-looking fellow, with a red face and twinkling eyes; and I suppose he was brought at the late hour from a fancy ball, as he was dressed in a domino.

"Be that as it may, he took a little book from his pocket, and mumbled a few sentences (it would have gratified the literary taste with which I was born had he uttered them distinctly); he then dipped his fingers into some water, and contemptuously threw it in my face.

"Previous to this, however, there was a dispute among the actors of my tragedy. Mamma said softly, 'Let it be William Frederick Augustus Gustavus; I so love a beautiful name, and one of which he may be proud hereafter.'

"But my ruthless papa replied, 'No, it must be Peter Nathaniel, or Uncle Peter may be offended, and old Nat Carmudgeon who has promised to stand godfather, forget him in his will.

"'Peter Nathaniel,' accordingly exclaimed the black ruffian when he dashed the water over my piteous countenance.

"It was of less consequence, for the curtain was now about to fall; I felt too weak to resent this last contumely, and submitted to be placed on the bed of my sorrowing parent.

"She gently laid me on her bosom, and the sight was so affecting that the bearded barbarian, papa, seemed to be moved by it.

"He dropped some consolatory words, and said, if anything could restore me that loved bosom would.

"I was sorry to be obliged to agree with the murderer in any one opinion, though I felt I was departing; but, in truth, this soft and yielding breast was delightful whereon to rest my fevered cheek.

"I raised my little hand towards it—I threw the latest glance of my closing eye upon it—I drew one draught of nature from its fountain—I uttered one short sigh—I had for one moment tasted an earthly heaven, and for an everlasting heaven I winged my flight."

With this beautiful sentence, Baby concluded his autobiography, to which I have only two particulars to add, which I did not introduce into the narration for fear they might interrupt its simple pathos and elegant connection.

When I heard Baby state in the course of it, oftener than once, that he was a genius, and born with a natural taste for literature, I thought it right to ask him for a definition of man—a definition which Plato, and a considerable number of philosophers since Plato, have failed to reach.

To this he replied, with wonderful promptitude, "Man is a writing animal."

Astounded by this immortal answer, I could scarcely breathe out, "Oh, young but mighty sage, can I perform aught to perpetuate my veneration for the memory of so extraordinary a being?"

To which Baby sweetly rejoined, with the humility of a child, "Engrave this distich upon my tomb:—

"'Since I have been so quickly done for,
I marvel what I was begun for.'"

SAVING THE TRAIN.—The usual crowd of gossipers were gathered together in the store, occupying all the grocery seats—the only gross receipts that the proprietor took no pride in—when a little, blear-eyed, weazen-faced individual sneaked in by the back door and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical man with a green patch over his left eye.

"Who is it?" asked several at once.

"Why, the chap who saved a train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us about it," they demanded, as the small man crouched in the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the blazing lamp.

After much persuasion, he began—

"It was just such a night as this—bright and clear—and I was going home down the track, when right before me, across the rails, lay a great beam. There it was. Pale and ghastly as a lifeless body; and, light as it appeared, I had not the power to move it. A sudden rumble and roar told me that the night express was thundering down, and soon would reach the fatal spot. Nearer and nearer it approached, till, just as the cow-catcher was about lifting me, I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track, and the train flew on unharmed."

The silence was so dense for a moment that one might have heard a dew drop. Presently somebody said—

"What did you do with the beam?"

"I didn't touch it," he replied; "but it touched me."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it, and didn't touch it how did the train get over it?"

"Why don't you see," said the sad-faced man, as he arose from his seat and sidled towards the door, "the obstruction was a moonbeam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and——"

Bang! flew a ham against the door, but the hero had vanished.

PERFECTLY HARMLESS.—A Londoner who lately came to this city asked his hack-driver as to the population and form of government of the place. On being informed that it was an incorporated city, the chief officer of which was a mayor, he inquired—

"And does the mayor wear the insignia of office?"

"Insignia—what's that?" asked the astonished hack.

"Why a chain about his neck," explained the cockney.

"Oh, bless you, no!" responded the other; "he's perfectly harmless, and goes about loose!"

HANGING.—A learned writer in one of the scientific magazines claims that death by hanging is the most humane method of putting criminals out of the world that has yet been discovered. From numerous observations of executions, and careful computations of time required for the sensor nerves to carry the feeling to the brain, he thinks the pang occasioned by the fall is very brief, and places the time which a man is conscious of his own feelings, after bringing up at the last end of the rope, at .025 of a second.

MY LOVE IS DEAD.

BY T. GAUTIER.

She's gone, my lovely maid,
And I am left to weep;
My heart and love are laid
Within the grave so deep.

She came from heaven above;
She there returns to dwell.
The angels took my love,
But took not me as well.

The bird without a mate
Still mourns the absent one;
To weep, too, is my fate,
For all I loved is gone.

My love, how fair thou wert,
And, oh!—I loved you so
That I am sure my heart
No more such love will know.

A Wife's Martyrdom.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

I WILL comfort you and help you all I can, mamma," she said gently.

"I am so unhappy, Angel," said her ladyship; "and yet I cannot bear to tell you why. It seems like treachery. But I have borne it in silence until I can bear it no longer."

"Perhaps, my dear darling mother, I can guess what it is that distresses you so much."

"I almost wish you could, Angel dear. It would save me the pain of telling you dear."

Angela bent her fair face over her mother's head.

"I do know," she whispered very quietly. "You are unhappy because of Gladys Rane."

"Heaven knows I am, Angel—so unhappy that I cannot go on bearing this pain much longer!"

Angela was too noble to say, as many in her place would have said, "I knew it would be so; I told you so; I warned you."

She only kissed, with added love and tenderness, the face of the beautiful mother whose martyrdom would be, she knew, so terrible.

"Tell me," continued her ladyship—"have you noticed it? Have others remarked it? Tell me all, Angela; do not keep anything from me. Is it spoken of, gossiped about?"

"I cannot tell you. I have not heard it mentioned, mamma."

"Then you have noticed it yourself?" cried Lady Wynyard.

"I could not help seeing that the Captain spends a great deal of time with and pays great attention to Gladys Rane. But then, mamma darling, they are very old friends, and it is quite natural that they should have much to say to each other."

"But, Angel," sighed the sorrowing woman, "when he is with her his whole mind and soul is absorbed in her. Yesterday, when he was talking to her, I went up and spoke to him. I spoke three times before he heard me, and, when he did, he started as though he had only just remembered that I existed. And, Angel—I am ashamed to tell you—I am quite sure that he was holding her hand. I saw it plainly. If he loves me, as he professes, better than all the world beside, why should he sit holding another woman's hand?"

"The Captain does what no one else would think of doing," said Angela. "He is not to be judged by ordinary rules, for what would be a breach of etiquette on the part of another is a privileged act when done by the Captain. Besides, he has a caressing manner that is natural to him."

"He looked angry because I interrupted him," added her ladyship. "He seemed so impatient to be gone, and barely answered my question; and, Angel when he looked at Miss Rane his eyes were full of love. Ah me, my darling, they have not the same look for me!"

Angela did her best to comfort her unhappy mother.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "they were talking about something particular, and did not wish to be interrupted."

"But I ought not to be considered an interruption," she urged. "The Captain should not have anything to say to any lady which his wife might not hear."

"Perhaps it was something about one of their old acquaintances."

"Ah, no; he was talking to her of himself! I know from the expression of his face. And, Angel, that is not all. I have been very unhappy for the last three weeks. I begin to notice that people smile when they are together, and that, when the Captain enters a room where she is, every one seems to make way so that he may reach her side. That seems very strange."

"Nothing is strange in this deceitful world."

"Oh, Angel, I know it is cruel and treacherous of me to talk in this way of my husband, but my heart is full, so full that I must break unless I tell you of the sorrow that is wearing it away! I cannot help seeing, Angel, that he is changed towards me. He seems to be tired and bored always now when he is with me, and is irritated by my least caress. Angel, it must be a terrible thing when human love dies."

"True love never dies, mamma," she answered gently.

"If ever my husband's love for me dies," said Lady Laura, with the calm of despair, "I too shall die."

And Angela, knowing all she did, could not find words with which to comfort her.

She knew well that the Captain had no true love for his wife, and that his passing fancy was long since dead.

Her only wonder was that her mother had perceived this before.

"I am not one of those women who could be careless regarding a husband's love. I could never even bear to see mine too attentive to other women; and, oh, Angel, how can I bear now to see him devote himself so entirely to another?"

"We shall not be here much longer, mamma darling. The season will soon be over; and, when he is away from here, he will soon forget all about her."

"But that will not benefit me if he has ceased to love me!" cried Lady Laura. "Oh Angel, can it be possible that men so soon cease to love?"

"Not good or true men, mamma; only men who are fickle of purpose and light of heart can do that," replied Angela.

"I could never be one of those patient self-sacrificing women who endure any and everything at the hands of the man they love. You know, Angela, I have been so loved and petted—your dear father was always so gentle and kind to me."

"There could never be another man like my father," said the girl proudly; "that is impossible."

Lady Laura trembled; her face had grown pale and troubled.

"I think," she added, after a pause, "I shall speak to Vance about it. I shall tell him that his behavior makes me unhappy, and he will perhaps change."

Angela knew well that her mother's pleading words would make no more impression on the Captain than a wave of the sea would upon a wall of rock, and she tried therefore to save her from pain.

"I do not know whether it would be wise mamma," she said. "Perhaps this is but the careless resumption of an old friendship, which would become more if you evinced any dislike or jealousy of it. I am not sure that it would be wise to speak."

"I must, Angel, for I can no longer endure the anguish of mind I am suffering. You do not know how full of pain and distress the last few weeks have been to me. See"—and her ladyship pushed down the slender bracelet of gold that encircled her wrist—"see, Angel; I am growing thin. I cannot sleep at night, while my mind is tortured with doubt and dread in the day. I dream of that girl with her dark winning face beckoning him away from me and he goes always. Comfort me, dear; tell me mine are but nervous fancies. Ah me, I know they are all hard bitter truths! There can be no comfort for me."

"My love is a comfort," said Angela impulsively.

"It is, my darling; but it is a different thing. Do not think I undervalue it. I cannot live without the entire devotion of my husband's heart, and now I fear his love is slipping from me."

"We are going to Italy in September, mamma, and there will be no Gladys Rane there to cause you pain," said Angela comfortingly.

"Is she so much more beautiful than I am Angel?" said Lady Laura.

The girl looked at her mother's graceful figure, her golden hair, her white slender neck, her sweet blue eyes and lovely features.

Could any woman be more beautiful? The dark fascinating face of Gladys Rane rose before her.

"It is no question of more or less beauty, mamma," she replied. "You differ as a red rose from a white one. She is not one whit more fair than you."

"Then it is not by her beauty that Vance is attracted," said Lady Laura. "I wonder Angel, if I were to try to be brighter, to amuse him more—I begin to see that men require a great deal of amusement—would that win back his love?"

Angela's heart sank when she heard the simple question.

She knew so well that her step-father had never loved her mother, and that, now the fleeting fancy was dead, nothing her mother could do would win the love she coveted.

"You are always bright and beautiful, mamma," she said. "Any one who could not be happy and content with you deserves neither happiness nor content."

But, though she tried to speak cheerfully Angela's heart was heavy with dread of the coming sorrow.

CHAPTER XXII.

ATTACHED to Rood House was an old-fashioned garden; and one morning in June Captain Wynyard sat near the white syringa-trees, then in full bloom.

He was complacently smoking a cigar, and the *Morning Post* lay carelessly spread across his knee.

The air was full of the scent of roses, the sun was lighting up the brilliant flowers and wealth of foliage, and the Captain was in excellent humor.

He had before him the happy prospect of spending the whole afternoon with Gladys Rane.

They were all going to a garden-party at Harborough House, and he knew that among such a large company as was certain to be there he should be able to monopolise her.

Supreme content was written on his handsome face as he contemplated the happiness in store for him.

He had been thinking of what might have been if he had been rich enough to marry Gladys Rane, and the happiness shining in his face showed that his thoughts were not unpleasant ones.

Presently a shadow fell across the turf, and he looked up to see the fair face and golden head of his wife.

Any other man must have found her inexpressibly fair, her white morning-dress, with its rich laces and blue ribbons, sweeping the grass in graceful folds, an exquisite bloom, brought by the fresh morning air, brightening her face, a knot of roses at her throat.

She had tried to look her best, so that she might please his eyes and win a few words of affection from him.

But his face darkened as his eyes rested on her, and he looked anything but pleased at the interruption.

"What a lovely morning, Vance!" she began. "You look the picture of luxurious idleness."

"I do not feel very miserable," he responded; but no light came into his eyes when he saw her. He was tired of her soft loveliness.

Lady Laura stood by him in silence for a few moments, while he took up the paper and began to read, ignoring her presence altogether.

"Vance," she said gently, "if you are not particularly engaged, will you give me five minutes of your time?"

And, considering all that she had bestowed upon him, she felt that it was not much to ask.

He sighed, and resigned himself with as much grace as he could to listen to what she had to say.

"What is it, Laura? A toilette from Worth's costumes for Harborough House? Something very important, I see, from your face."

There was a ring of satire in his voice which reached even the heart of the woman who loved him so well.

"Nay, Vance; I like nice dresses, but my mind is not entirely absorbed in them as to leave me nothing else to speak of. It is about yourself that I wish to speak."

Then a sudden hesitation came over her, and a fear lest she should displease him seized her, and almost silenced the words on her lips.

"Me?" he questioned. "Why, Laura, what can you have to say about me?"

"I will tell you," she answered. "I have not been very happy lately, Vance; my heart has ached until it has grown heavy within me, and tears come more naturally to me now than smiles."

He moved impatiently in his chair, but spoke no word. He had a shrewd suspicion of what was coming.

"I do not think," she continued, "that any wife could love her husband with deeper, truer love than I give to you."

He smiled complacently. What less royal gift than perfect love could be given to him?

"And I," she went on, "expect the same love from you; and," she added, with a trembling voice, "I am sure that you give it to me."

An expression of relief passed over the Captain's face as his wife uttered these last words.

"But there is just one thing," continued her ladyship, "that would make me happier if you would do it."

"What is it?" he asked.

And again her lips seemed unable to frame the words.

She looked at her husband with something that was like a mist of tears in her eyes.

"Vance," she said, "do you know that I am almost afraid of you? I find myself wondering whether I dare say what I find myself longing to say."

"You need not fear to say anything you wish to me," he said kindly; and the gentle tone of his words brought back all her courage.

"Well, Vance, I want you to give up your intimacy with Gladys Rane."

The trusting loving woman did not notice the fiery gleam of anger that darkened his face; but she did see the sudden movement of his fingers, the quick clenching of the strong hands.

"What have you to do with Gladys Rane?" he asked, in a cold stern voice. "And why should I give up one of the best and dearest friends I have in the world?"

"If she were no more than a friend," said her ladyship, "I would not make the request."

"And who dares to suggest that she is more than a good friend?" he demanded angrily.

"Every one! Oh, Vance, do not be angry! I know it is weak and foolish of me. You gave me the best proof of your love by asking me to be your wife; but I am jealous of Gladys Rane, and the jealousy is poisoning my life."

"You have no cause to be jealous," he said coldly.

"Oh, yes, beloved, I have!" she cried. "I have cause—my own heart tells me I have most bitter cause. I love you with my whole soul, and the instinct of my love tells me that your heart has gone from me."

"My dear Laura," said the Captain languidly, "never talk sentimentally on a warm day."

He saw the spasm of pain that passed over her face; but he felt no passion for her suffering.

He decided resolutely that this kind of thing must be nipped in the bud.

"Do not laugh at me, Vance," she pleaded with gentle dignity. "I have come to you with my soul on my lips; do not meet me with ridicule. I have been very unhappy ever since I noticed how much time you spend with and how attentive you are to Gladys Rane. Oh, Vance, I have watched the glances from your eyes to hers and I have seen the love in them—deeper love, Vance, than you ever gave to me! And your voice—do you know how much love and music comes into it when you speak to her?

"Do you know how your eyes follow her, how she seems to draw you to her by touching your very heart-strings? Do you know how every one makes way for you to occupy a place by her side? So soon as you enter a room where she is, it is as though a magnet drew you together. People smile; those nearest to Miss Rane make way for you, as though you had a right to be near her; and, when I see that, Vance, my heart aches.

"Then, when you are near her, both you and she seem to forget everything in the world but each other; and I—oh, Vance, I feel as if I were left out in the cold and the darkness! I go away, for I cannot bear the pain of it. Again, you do not know how often you dance with her; and, Vance, when one has seen you waltzing with her, there can be no more doubt—no more. I see, besides, so much that I cannot put into words; and Vance, I have seen you wear her flowers.

"When she sings, she sings only to you, for her eyes never leave your face; and once I saw you kiss her hand. Something, it must be the instinct of my own heart tells me that she is my rival. I want you to give up your intimacy with her, Vance. It pains me—it is killing me—I cannot bear it!"—and her voice died away in a little sob.

The Captain was silent for a time, and the look on his face was not pleasant to see.

"Have you quite finished, Laura?" he asked drily.

"No; I could talk to you for hours out of the fulness of my heart," she answered. "I was so happy before we came here, before you met her, although I was told before we were married that you loved Miss Rane, and that you were going to marry me only for my money."

"Did you believe it?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "nor do I believe it now. I could not live with such a belief. Oh, Vance, make me happy again in the old light-hearted fashion!"

"If I had not heard all this nonsense," said the Captain, "I could never have believed that any woman could be so weak, so foolish, so ridiculously jealous. I am astonished at you, though it is true I never gave you credit for being strong-minded. Jealousy is ridiculous at all times; but it is doubly ridiculous when it exists without cause."

"Can you say truthfully, Vance, that my jealousy is without cause?" asked the distressed wife.

"I say so clearly and distinctly; it is an absurd folly, an absurd fancy."

"You do not really love Gladys Rane?" she asked.

"I consider the question an insult!" he exclaimed.

"Then, Vance, if you do not love her, if you do not take an undue interest in her, why not make me happy by giving up the greater part of your intimacy?"

"Because I will not," he replied. "If I were to do that, it would prove at once that you were right in the ridiculous conclusion you have come to. If I gave up my friendship for Miss Rane at your request, it would be tantamount to admitting that there was something in it which required giving up."

"I do not think so," Lady Laura returned. "It would simply prove that you love me above all others, and that you would do anything to make me happy."

"I would do a great deal, certainly," said the Captain; "but you may take this answer once for all, Laura, I shall never relinquish my friendship for Miss Rane. If you are wise, you will never reopen the subject."

Lady Laura Wynyard looked at her husband with eyes full of wondering pain. That he could so coolly dismiss a subject of such vital interest to her was incredible.

Her whole future was involved in this matter, and he had put it aside as unworthy of discussion.

A vision seemed to pass before her of the dead husband who had been so kind to her, to whom her every wish had been law, to whom her lightest words had been of greatest consequence.

Were Angela's words really true, that she could not expect such love twice in one lifetime? At last her surprise found voice.

"Vance," she said, "you cannot speak earnestly. I, your wife, come to you with the happiness of my whole life at stake, holding my very heart in my hands, and you dismiss the subject that causes me concern as coolly as though we were discussing the weather."

Captain Wynyard shrugged his shoulders.

"My whole life is at stake," continued her ladyship. "I cannot live as I have been living; I can bear no longer what I have borne. I pray you, dearest, give up that which has come between us, and take me to your heart again."

"What nonsense, Laura!" he cried impatiently. "I am tired of it!"

"You must listen," she said. "I have a claim upon your attention; I have a right to speak. You are doing that which makes me unhappy, and I have a right to ask you to give up the cause of my unhappiness. Oh, Vance, if you love me, make me happy! Give up Miss Rane! It is not much to do for me."

"Little as it is, Laura, you may be sure that I shall not do it. I shall not scatter my

friends like chaff before the wind to please your ridiculous fancies."

"Have you no pity for my pain?" she asked.

"I should have pity for real pain; but I have none for what is only a fancy."

"Will you do nothing, Vance, to make me happier?" she asked wistfully.

"Nothing of the kind to which you refer," he answered carelessly. "I should never dream of giving up an old friend for any such nonsense as this, Laura."

"Will you dance less with her, Vance?" she asked. The unhappy lady seemed to think that, if she could win some small concession from him, she might ultimately win all she wanted.

"No, I will not, Laura," he replied.

"Will you devote yourself less to her, so as not to attract public attention?" she asked again.

"My dear Laura, in no single thing will I change my present course of conduct," he answered warmly.

"Not even if it is likely to kill me?" she said.

"It will not do that; and, if you die of it, your own folly will have killed you."

The frankly brutal words seemed to stun her. She raised her pale dazed face to his.

"I thought," she said slowly, "that you would comply at once with my wish; I thought you would kiss me and comfort me and tell me there was no one half so dear to you as I; I thought you would promise for my sake to give up Gladys Rane."

"Your thoughts were all wrong," he interrupted sneeringly.

"Yes, they were. I am sorry you do not love me as much as I thought you did," she went on. "I see that I am not the first object in the world to you. Oh, Vance," she cried, clasping her white hands and holding them out to him entreatingly, "think before you send me away without love and without comfort—think!"

"I have nothing to think about," he replied curtly, "except that it is a pity you are not a more sensible woman."

"Vance," she cried—and the courage of despair came to her—"tell me, if you had to choose now between my love and the friendship of Gladys Rane, which would you prefer?"

"I decline to answer so foolish a question," he replied.

"You hesitate!" she said; and the beautiful pleading face grew perfectly white.

"I do not hesitate," he returned; "I simply decline to answer unreasonable questions."

"That is an evasion," she said. "If you could honestly say that you preferred me and my love, you would say so. You cannot. It is useless for me to say any more."

Slowly, and with a heavy heart, she went away from him, her sorrow deeper and more intense than when she sought him.

But she had a great deal more to suffer yet.

The Captain smiled to himself as if watched her enter the house.

Her white face and downcast eyes, the listless sorrow of her whole attitude, did not distress him.

"I have taught her a lesson," he said to himself, with a feeling of satisfaction—"and she needed it. She will not interfere again with Gladys."

If Gladys Rane had looked up at him with tears in her eyes, he would have soothed her trouble.

If Gladys had told him that she was unhappy, he would have done his best to remove the cause at once.

But to his wife he did not give a thought after she had left him. He had not the slightest pity for her; he simply felt indignant and irritated at her attempting to interfere with him.

Lady Laura went back to her room like one in a dream.

She could hardly realise as yet what had happened to her.

That her husband had sneered at her, had laughed with brutal frankness at her, had flatly refused to yield to her wishes, had tacitly admitted that he cared greatly for Gladys Rane, were truths too horrible for her to look in the face all at once. As she walked along she met Angela, who said to her gently—

"You look ill, mamma! Shall I come and sit with you?"

"No, thank you, dear," she answered; "I would rather be alone. I am tired."

All the music and the sweetness had gone from her voice; it was weak and languid.

Angela felt uneasy about her mother; she knew that this was the beginning of what she had all along foreseen.

When Lady Laura tried to realize her position, she could not.

It was the first time in her life that she had met with such cruel conduct, and she felt it all the more keenly because it came from the man she loved.

He would not, at her request, made with tears, give up Gladys Rane. He would spend as much time with her; he would dance with her as often. And she——

"How shall I bear it?" she cried. "It will break my heart!"

She had always felt secure in her husband's love, and now the very foundation of her life and happiness seemed to have given way, and she stood alone amongst the ruins.

On the night following they were invited to a grand ball given by Lady Holte.

Lady Laura knew that her rival was to be there, and her first decision was not to go, although a charming dress of white satin, elaborately trimmed with blush roses, was prepared for her.

She felt unequal to the effort, for she knew it would bring the same heart-anguish over again, the same sorrow, and she told herself that she could not endure it.

When the Captain asked her at what hour she wished the carriage ordered, she answered that she did not feel sure that she should go; she was tired and indisposed—and her looks fully bore out her words.

But she saw the sudden look of relief that came over his face when he heard the words, and she altered her mind instantly.

"I will go," she said; "Lady Holte always gives good balls;" and, as she expressed her intention, she saw a look of annoyance come into his eyes." He would have had a long evening's enjoyment with Miss Rane," she thought to herself bitterly.

But, if her ladyship flattered herself that her presence would prevent the Captain from amusing himself with her rival, she was mistaken, for he was more devoted to her than ever.

Lady Laura took more pains than she had ever done before over her toilette, much to the astonishment of Doris Newsham.

Her dress, her jewels, the blush-roses, were all subjects of anxious interest.

"Make me look extra well to-night, Doris," she said, with a kindly smile; "I have something to do."

And the maid glanced at her mistress in surprise.

"I could not make you look more beautiful if I would, my lady," she responded.

Lady Laura's lovely face had a delicate flush, her eyes were bright and clear; she had never looked better than she did on this night.

Her ladyship had come to what she considered a very sensible determination.

She resolved, if possible, to outshine her rival, to win her husband to herself by dint of her dazzling beauty and brightness.

He should not see a sad look on her face; she would be all light-heartedness and smiles. She would try to amuse him, and keep him chained by her side, even as Gladys Rane did.

She was full of this idea, and resolved that nothing should daunt her, that nothing should interfere with her purpose.

She had won him once, why could she not again? She tried resolutely to trample her pain, her sorrow, her disappointment under foot, and to reveal nothing but smiles and light-heartedness.

"You look like a queen of roses to-night, Laura," the Captain remarked.

She looked at him with a satisfied smile.

"The strangest part of it is," she said, "that amongst them there is not one thorn."

CHAPTER XXIII.

There was a faint murmur of admiration, as the beautiful mother and daughter, accompanied by the gallant Captain, entered the ball-room at Lady Holte's.

Angela was soon surrounded by a small and select group of the *jeunesse doree*, to most of whom she was a queen.

Lady Laura, after speaking to her hostess, crossed the room with her, and in doing so met Lady Kinloch with Gladys Rane.

The meeting could not be avoided even had Lady Laura wished it. For a few minutes these two beautiful women, who were destined to cross each other's lives so fatally stood looking at each other, each measuring the other's strength, the one triumphing in the consciousness that she was loved, the other triumphing in the knowledge that she was a lawful wife.

Outwardly everything was pleasant and gracious; within were the elements of tragedy.

The men awarded the palm of beauty to Lady Laura—for few understood the dark passionate face of Gladys Rane.

It never lighted to perfection save for Vance Wynyard, and none but he knew the full beauty of the dark eyes and crimson-tinted lips.

It was when the two women looked steadily at each other that the soul of each shone in their respective eyes.

"I am his wife; he is mine for ever and ever!" could be read in Lady Laura's face.

"He loves me!" shone in the dark eyes of Gladys.

And then came another phase of Lady Laura's martyrdom.

Hitherto it was from a distance that she had seen her husband's devotion to Miss Rane.

He was standing by his wife's side now when he asked Gladys for her programme and begged to know how many waltzes she would spare for him.

It was Lady Kinloch who answered the question. She did not seem well pleased with the Captain, and, setting aside his questionable conduct in showing such marked preference for her niece, Lady Kinloch considered that it was for Gladys a waste of time to flirt with a man who already had a beautiful wife of his own.

"You must not expect to monopolise my niece, Captain Wynyard," she said, in a clear voice; "Miss Rane has many friends in the room."

Lady Laura felt a glow of gratitude towards this woman, whom she had never even liked before; but the Captain was not to be put down by so mild a protest.

He merely bowed to Lady Kinloch, and turned to Gladys with a smile on his face.

"Monopoly is charming in such a case as this. There are plenty of waltzes; may I have the first, 'La Berceuse'?"

Gladys blushed with delight under the eyes of the two who were looking on so coldly.

"You may have that and the third, the 'Manola.'"

"Better give Captain Wynyard your programme to fill at his pleasure Gladys," said Lady Kinloch satirically.

And the girl's dark eyes, looking at him, said plainly. "I would if I dared."

Lady Laura saw the look and realized all that it conveyed.

Then the Captain and Miss Rane went to join the dancers, leaving the two ladies together.

Lady Kinloch would have made some remark as to the Captain's conduct, but one look at the pale face beside her disarmed her.

She never forgot the yearning expression in her companion's wistful eyes.

A few minutes later Lady Laura was surrounded by a court of admirers.

She remembered her resolution, and she tried bravely to carry it out; but her heart gave way, her wistful eyes turning ever to her husband, who seemed only happy when with her rival.

That night her partners wondered what had befallen the lovely Lady Laura.

She talked, but it was easy to see that she did not take any interest in what she was saying, and her smiles were forced and cold.

While she danced and conversed her whole heart and thoughts were with her husband and her rival.

Later on, as Lady Laura, tired and dispirited, was sitting out a waltz instead of dancing it, the Captain came up to her.

"Lady Holte has been telling me that you are not well and are very tired, Laura, is it so?"

She remembered her resolution; and it was almost pitiful to see the effort she made to banish the pain that was gnawing at her heart.

The color rushed into her sweet fair face as she denied that she was either tired or ill.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEGAL REPARTEE.—Soon after Mr. Curran the famous Irish lawyer, had been called to the bar, on some statement of Judge Robinson's the young counsel observed that "he had never met the law, as laid down by his lordship, in any book in his library."

"That may be, sir," said the judge; "but I suspect that your library is very small."

Mr. Curran replied, "I find it more instructive, my lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones. My books may be few, but the title-pages give me the writers' names, and my shelf is not disgraced by any such rank absurdities that their very authors are ashamed to own them."

"Sir," said the judge, "you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character."

"Dignity!" exclaimed Mr. Curran. "My lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which you are, perhaps, not unacquainted." He then briefly recited the story of Strap in "Roderick Random," who, having stripped off his coat to fight, entrusted it to a bystander. When the battle was over, and he was well beaten, he turned to resume it, but the man had carried it off. Mr. Curran thus applied the tale: "So, my lord, when the person entrusted with the dignity of the judgment seat lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he tries to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned."

"If you say another word I'll commit you," replied the angry judge: to which Mr. Curran retorted, "If your lordship should do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting that I am not the worst thing which your lordship has committed."

THE VALUE OF PRECISION.—The Mayor of Falaise, in France, having one night run foul of a citizen of the good town of Falaise (in those days there was neither gas nor oil lamp), gave orders next morning that no citizen should go out at night without a lantern.

The following night the mayor, going his rounds, ran against the same citizen.

"You haven't read the ordinance, you stupid fellow!" said the mayor, in a passion.

"Yes I have," said the Norman; "and here's my lantern."

"But there's nothing in it," rejoined the mayor.

"The ordinance said nothing about that," replied the scrupulous citizen.

The next day appeared a new ordinance, enjoining the citizens to put candles in their lanterns.

At nightfall the mayor, anxious to see whether his orders were obeyed, went his rounds, again, and once more ran foul of the luckless bourgeois.

"I have you this time," said the mayor, in a fury; "you have no lantern."

"Excuse me, here it is."

"But no candle in it,"

"Oh! but I have, and here it is." And out of the lantern he pulled a candle unlighted.

"But it isn't lighted," resumed the exasperated mayor.

"You said nothing about lighting the candle," quickly rejoined the bourgeois.

So another ordinance had to be issued, enjoining the citizens to light the candles in their lanterns.

We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindnes only that the blessing is found, "In little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the playground, shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

Scientific and Useful.

COTTON.—Professor Tyndall has proved that atmospheric germs cannot pass through a layer of cotton, and it is now said that preserved fruit may be kept in perfect condition by covering the jars with cotton batting. Putrefaction is caused by minute atmospheric germs. These are expelled by cooking, and the cotton batting prevents their return when the fruit cools.

NATURAL FLOWERS.—Natural flowers may be preserved by dipping them in paraffine and withdrawing quickly. The liquid should be only just hot enough to maintain its fluidity, and the flowers should be dipped one at a time, held by the stalks, and moved about for an instant to get rid of air-bubbles. Fresh-cut specimens free from moisture make excellent specimens in this way.

BUTTER TEST.—There is a qualitative test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice. A clean piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure the smell of the burning paper is rather pleasant; but the odor is distinctly tallowy if the "butter" is made up wholly or in part of animal fats.

INK-STAINS ON BOOKS.—To remove them dip the page in a strong solution of oxalic acid, then in a solution of one part hydrochlorate acid and six parts of water, after which bathe in cold water and allow to dry slowly. Vellum covers which require cleaning may be made almost equal to new by washing with weak salts of lemon. Grease may be removed from the covers of bound books by scraping a little pipeclay, French chalk, or magnesia over the place, and then ironing with an iron not too hot, else it will discolor the leather.

COLORED FLANNELS.—These are considered by washerwomen very difficult to keep a nice color, and should, if possible, be washed at home, for, as a rule, most laundresses send them home very faded after a few washings. A little care is all that is necessary to preserve the brightness of scarlet, pink and blue for a long time, though we will not assert that they are as durable, on the whole, as white flannels. All need a warm lather—dry soap must never be rubbed on them—they should then be well shaken and hung out at once to dry. Never allow them to lie in a heap in a wet state; this is ruinous.

SEWAGE FUEL.—An Ohio man claims to have discovered a process for converting garbage and sewage matter into an odorless and clean fuel. He treats refuse, to disinfect and deodorise it, with salt, slacked lime and a little nitric acid to start the fumes; then, after eight days, with sal-soda. The composition will solidify in a few days, when it is pressed into bricks and dried till it is in a fit condition to be used. It produces a better flame, the inventor says, and retains more heat than Allegheny coal, and costs but little more than half as much as the cheapest other fuel in the market.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP.—Sheep should never be turned loose on stubble fields that have been seeded to grass, as they bite close and are likely to injure the young grass roots.

INSECTS.—The Guinea fowl is very destructive to insects, eating many that other hens will not touch. They are great foragers, going quickly over a field, and they have the further advantage that they are not scratchers.

POTATO STALKS.—Potato stalks should be left through the winter where they grow. They are rich in fertilizing value, and protect the surface from blowing and leaching through the winter. It is sometimes recommended to carry them into the barnyard for manure, but they are of more value where grown.

WHEAT LAND.—Wheat land that gets the benefit of sun and rain for a few weeks before sowing time invariably produces a better crop than that which is plowed up and sown immediately. This early plowing is of especial importance when there is a growth of grass or weeds to plow under. The fermentation in the soil of a mass of green vegetable matter and the subsequent settling of the soil seem to have a bad effect on the crop.

THE WALNUT TREE.—The walnut is recommended as a farm shade tree for many reasons. One is that its odor is offensive to many insects that trouble cattle, and it is therefore shade and security for them in the pastures, while although the head of the tree is sufficiently close to break the sun's rays the divided leaves afford so little resistance that the air can circulate freely. The tree may be easily raised from seed, and in even years will bear a crop of nuts which have a commercial value.

THE AIR.—The atmosphere renders the soil more fertile in two ways. First, it fines it, thus making it more lively and readily soluble, hence makes more of its plant food available to the crop. Second, it breaks up the chemical compounds in the soil, setting their elements free, and thus making them available to the plant, which they were not before. To accomplish this work the air must come in direct contact with the soil, and the work is greater when the surface exposed is moist and fresh. Hence plowing, which exposes a greater surface to the air, and also a moist, fresh one, increases this work, and the earlier the plowing is done the longer the air has to work upon this greater surface, and the more it will increase the real fertility of the soil.

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Making Apologies.

In modern parlance, to "make a formal apology," implies that something has been done, or supposed to be done, which needs to be explained, or palliated, or atoned for. It is one of the most disagreeable things which a human being is ever called upon to do.

We often see this illustrated in the conduct of little children, who will consent to be whipped, or shut up in a dark closet, or punished in almost any other way, rather than go through the operation of making a formal apology.

Men will take the risk of being shot or of murdering each other, because it is regarded as an act of poltroonery to apologize for a wrong. After the ordeal of firing one or more harmless shots, it may be considered entirely proper to offer the apology that was at first refused. The duelling code is, upon the whole, one of the most unique and preposterous exhibitions of human folly which the world has ever known.

Men are sometimes inclined to apologize for something which they know to be right. This may be attributed to the lack of moral courage, or the desire to propitiate an opponent, and the feeling that a certain amount of consideration is due to the prejudices of those who are addressed. St. Paul was one of the most outspoken men that ever lived, and yet, at times, he opens his speeches with words that have a decidedly apologetic tone. And when one is thoroughly convinced that he has been in the wrong, there is no degradation in acknowledging the fact. There are cases in which this is the only reparation we can offer; and if so, there may be a degree of satisfaction in making what we feel to be a just recompense.

In what is called "good society" there is a style of apology which borders somewhat upon the region of falsehood. Very possibly it is regarded as discourteous to put the matter precisely as it stands, and say in reply to a polite invitation, "Mr. and Mrs. Blank beg leave to decline, because they prefer to remain at home," or to decline without making any excuse at all, and so they compromise the matter by expressing "their regrets that they were unable to accept, etc.," with a mental reservation to the effect that they do not regret it on their own account, but because of the disappointment it will occasion to their friends.

There are persons who live and breathe in a sort of apologetic atmosphere. There is something in their demeanor that looks as if they were disposed to ask pardon of all the world for having taken the liberty to exist. If the weather is unpropitious, they are likely to address you with a tone that indicates a feeling of personal responsibility for the painful sharpness of the east wind, or the untimely rain, or the excruciating heat.

Almost everything that they say is prefixed with, "I beg your pardon, sir," and after awhile you associate these words with the man just as much as you do the shape of his hat. An over civil person is often as trying to the nerves as one who is positively uncivil.

In some cases a tone of apology is assumed simply for the purpose of eliciting words of commendation from those who are addressed. When the good woman who has done her best to furnish the supper-table with the choicest bread and the sweetest butter, and the most delicious tea-buns, begins to apologize, you may be sure that she will be sadly disappointed if you do not pronounce everything that is on the table to be as perfect as culinary skill could make it; she knows that it is so already, and expects her guests to recognize the fact.

When a public speaker apologizes to the audience for "thrusting himself somewhat unexpectedly into the debate," it is very possible that he has been rehearsing his speech all the morning, and he may have a written copy in his pocket. After such a preface, it is an awkward circumstance if he happens to lose the thread of his discourse, and is obliged to resort to his manuscript for the refreshment of his memory. There is a familiar old proverb which says: "The least said is soonest mended." One may betray his consciousness of being in the wrong by the apologetic tone in which he speaks of himself, when there would have been no occasion for the slightest suspicion of this sort if he had only held his tongue. "Who excuses himself, accuses himself."

Sometimes it is evident that the man is making an effort to convince himself and quiet his own conscience, as well as to satisfy others of his integrity; and he may not succeed in doing either. As a general rule, when one is entirely convinced of his being in the right, he goes on to say what is in his mind, boldly and unflinchingly, and never thinks it necessary to say a word in the way of excuse or apology. A formal apology is, in many cases, only a patch put on to cover up an ugly hole or rent in the fabric.

All sorts of devices are resorted to in order to give a good appearance to flimsy goods, and make them salable; and starch is a poor substitute for genuine fibre. Some of the flimsiest books put upon the market are adorned with the most gorgeous binding. The showy cover is a sort of apology for the worthlessness of the volume.

Young man, after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evening? When business is dull, and leaves at your disposal many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them? We have known, and now know, many young men who, if they devoted to any scientific, or literary, or professional pursuits, the time they spent in games of chance, and lounging in bed, might rise to any eminence. Many of you, no doubt, have read of the sexton's son, who became an astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars, after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Phipps, who had at the age of 45 attained the order of knighthood and the office of High Sheriff of England, and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write after his 18th year, of a ship carpenter of Boston. William Gifford was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. And because he had neither pen nor paper, slate nor pencil, he worked out his examples on leather with a dull awl. David Rittenhouse, the astronomer, when a plough-boy, was observed to have covered his plough and fences with figures and calculations. James Ferguson, the great Scotch astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the elements of astronomy while a shepherd's boy, in the fields by night. And, perhaps, it is not too much to say, that if hours wasted in idle company, in vain conversation at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of useful knowledge, the dullest apprentice in any of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices.

The amount of exercise a man in health should take regularly is equal to walking nine miles a day upon level ground. The amount of walking done in walking about the house, and other domestic duties, may probably be put down as three miles, which will leave only a walk of six miles per diem on level ground. If the ground is hilly this will be still more reduced, so that it certainly does not seem an excessive amount to advise. The proper quantity must, however, vary greatly with circumstances. Women, for example, will not take as much as men. In winter more may be taken than in summer. In youth, when the body is undergoing its most active development, care must be taken that every muscle is exercised in its turn. Hence, gymnastics, games and sports at this age are most beneficial. In advanced life the power and inclination for exercise both fail, but even then every effort should be made to prevail upon the individual to take some amount of exercise, and to postpone the evil day when he will become completely bed-ridden. Such an amount of exercise is in all cases necessary as will keep the muscles in good health, and enable them to meet the physical requirements of the rest of the body.

Education is often valued, not for itself, but merely as a stepping stone to wealth. We give it to the young, and they take it not so much that they may become through it better, nobler, happier and more useful men and women, as that they may gain the power of rising from a lower to a higher station, from poverty to mediocrity, or from mediocrity to wealth. Thus the education that fits them to adorn a humble position happily and contentedly, instead of cultivating ambitious longings, that cherishes health and strength of body, and fills the mind with resources for its own activity and power for its own development, without any direct reference to amassing a fortune, is too often neglected for narrower and shallower instruction. Is not the mind more than the purse? Shall we sell the one to fill the other, or shall we not rather spend freely of our gold to build up the intellect, to cultivate the taste, to fortify the principles?

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirker yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about that other who ought to have done it, and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the jobs that others leave undone—they are the true peacemakers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

Nothing increases evil of every kind so much as to emphasize it, to discuss it, to chronicle reports of it, to spread detailed accounts of it. Even when this is done with a view of showing its enormity or its injurious results, its tendency is rather to attract than to repulse. This has been proved again and again. Detailed histories of criminals, their ingenious devices, their hair-breadth escapes, their fearful penalties, written and circulated, have frequently been followed by an increase of crime of a similar nature. All such reminiscences should be buried deep in the tomb of silence and oblivion.

Language comes more easily to some than to others; but it is a desirable acquisition, and therefore it is essential that the book and the teacher in the schoolhouse should join in inducing the student to express himself. Not that men and women must be able to talk all the while. Under that fashion of things the world would soon be talked to death. The essential thing is that the mind be made capable of examining a subject, of amplifying a theme, until it shall assume some fulness of symmetry and general beauty.

People are not aware of the very great force which pleasantry has upon all those with whom a man of that talent converses. His faults are generally overlooked by all his acquaintances; and a certain carelessness that constantly attends all his actions carries him on with greater success than diligence and assiduity do others who have no share in this extraordinary endowment.

The highest exercise of charity is charity to the uncharitable.

The World's Happenings.

The railroads of Pennsylvania employ 70,000 men.

The debts of the King of Bavaria amount to $7,500,000.

The ruling price of gold mines in North Carolina is $5.

A Revolver Club is about to be established in London.

Mushroom-hunting is King Humbert's favorite rural pastime.

The Hungarians make fur rugs of the skins of cats and mice.

A nightingale that sings a charming song is a new $65 toy in Paris.

An astonishing sign at a tobacconist's in Paris: "No Smoking."

A Georgia man who lost an eye, had a cat's eye put in its place.

New York City is to spend $1,000 in water-lilies to be placed in its parks.

A Mr. Simpson, of Peason, Ga., claims to have made $11 this season by swapping knives.

The "Mother-in-Law" is a paper published in Pueblo, Mexico, by a young woman.

Cottonseed pressed into blocks has just been put upon the market as "kindling wood."

Eighteen tumors have been successfully removed from the neck of a Housatonic, Mass., citizen.

A Florida man has a parrot which he claims is ninety-two years old. He has refused $300 for it.

Tobogganing will this winter be a popular sport of at least fifty or sixty American cities and towns.

Statistics are said to show that the population of Ireland has decreased 3,000,000 in the last 45 years.

There were 65,000 elephants killed in Africa last year, and 1,875,000 pounds of ivory shipped.

A Massachusetts court has just awarded a linen worker $4,257.50 for the loss of a hand in a Fall River mill.

A cat's cries saved the lives of some hotel guests in Atlanta, Ga., and a gold band now encircles the cat's neck.

The three-cent beer wave has struck Cincinnati, where 130 saloon-keepers have adopted the "reform" rate.

The mayor of Americus, Ga., has fined one of the aldermen fifty dollars for carrying concealed weapons.

Scalps of hostile Apaches are redeemed at the rate of $2.50 each by the Board of Supervisors of Tombstone, A. T.

A city ordinance of Cuthbert, Ga., makes it obligatory for persons to keep a ladder convenient about their premises.

Hereafter no base-ball player of the League or the American Association is to receive more than $2,000 a year.

A Parisian dentist, assisted by twenty men, recently cured an elephant of the toothache, or, more properly speaking, tusk-ache.

A pig in its pen, at South Newark, Conn., was recently killed by flying fragments of a stone that had been struck by lightning.

According to the Health Commissioner of Chicago, nine-tenths of the "butter" sold in that city is oleomargarine, or some similar compound.

King Alfonso of Spain is in a bad way. He is afflicted with consumption of the left lung. His condition is serious, and extreme care will be necessary to prolong his life.

Lists of names of men who dodge their tailors' bills are now published on theatrical programmes in Detroit, and tailors in other cities are said to be in favor of trying the plan.

A watch lost by an Athens, Ga., man, lately, was found by him a day or two ago in the city's dirt pile, the timepiece having been scraped up with the refuse and dirt of the streets and carted away.

Another solution of the perpetual motion problem is announced. It is a "wheel within a wheel," and the principle that was hit upon 22 years ago, is said to be now perfected, in a machine shop at Racine, Wis.

According to an exchange, a local genius has invented a machine to produce "loud and prolonged applause" at a public entertainment. A sound is evolved resembling the clapping of a large number of hands.

On an original map of the world, by which Alexander VI divided the discoveries between Spain and Portugal, and which is now in the possession of the Vatican, all the United States form a blank space, marked, "The Land of Codfish."

The English language consists of about 35,000 words; of these about 20,000—or nearly five-eighths, are of Anglo-Saxon origin. The majority of the rest, in what proportion we cannot say, are Latin and Greek; Latin, however, has the larger share.

A Swedish engineer has invented an instrument whereby it is indicated at railway stations whether the points on the line are in working order or not. The instrument is worked by electricity, the warning of disengagements being given by means of bells.

The stone effigy of Queen Anne, in London—a fertile source of satire in the eighteenth century, because it was observed that Her Majesty's back was turned to the church, and her face to the liquor store at the churchyard corner—is in process of demolition.

A coffin was left recently at the door of the Mayor of Lincoln, Neb., as a terrible warning from some people whose wrath he had incurred. He quietly sold the post-mortem suit for $13, turned the money over to the local temperance society, and calmly awaits further paying warnings.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

BY R. C. BELL.

"It might have been"—how few there be that know
The import of those words to some who bear
The smile of gladness just to hide the woe
That springs from great soul-foundations, dark and deep;
Who have the restless longing that must wear
The semblance of contentment, rest and sleep.

"It might have been," but is not—let us pray
That there may yet be gracious store for those
Who bear their heavy burdens night and day,
And in the present have but scanty cheer—
Perchance Eternal Wisdom, at life's close,
May find us fit for joy, through sorrows here.

"It might have been"—Oh, let that never be
That motto of our lives, with all its pain
Of hopeless longing; rather let us see
This hope-star in our firmament still set,
Which oft will sparkle through the clouds and rain
With radiancy of joy—"It might be yet."

The Haunted Mill.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

COLD and frosty indeed was that eventful Shrovetide Night in the year 18—, when dismissing the tipsy carman who had driven me from Maynooth and mistook the proper route, I determined to trust to chance and my pedestrial powers for the completion of the journey.

My slight acquaintance with the topography of the district enabled me to calculate that I could not be many miles from the village of C——, which I was anxious to reach before nine p. m., in order to obtain some important particulars concerning an "outrage" reported to have been perpetrated on that very morning.

As the brief evening twilight deepened into darkness, I sought a temporary respite from the piercing cold in the first cottage that I met with on the narrow road; and as I raised the door-latch the hum of merry voices greeted me from within.

"Good-night, sir, an' yer welcome!" was the response I received from the *farathee*, or man of the house, who was seated on the hob-stone enjoying the cheerful blaze that ascended from the hearth.

"'Tis a cold night to be travelling, sir," I observed, as I took a proffered seat in front of the warm fire.

"Troth, it's bitther weather altogether; but what else could it be an' the 'aizes goin' on? Still, it's a consolation to know that the right side of the house is out, anyhow."

And the old man glanced around the warm apartment with a smile of satisfaction.

"But, my kind friend," I observed, "'tis poor consolation for a person who must reach the village of C——before the expiration of many hours. I merely intruded on your domestic circle for the purpose of ascertaining the most direct route to it, because I fear I have lost my way."

"You're not far from it, sir; but the deuce a foot ye'll stir till ye partake of our hospitality! Shure this is 'pancake night,' and the *vanithee*" (woman of the house) "is preparing the pancakes as quick as she can, an' maybe ye'd be lucky enough to find the ring which she has mixed up in the flour-pot; in case you do ye'll be married before this night twelve months, that's all—ha, ha, ha!"

All my protests and excuses went for nothing—stay I should; so, having learned that I could arrive at C—— in less than two hours by taking an unfrequented by-way, which branched from the main road a short distance beyond the house of my kind entertainer, I consented to remain for supper.

Besides my good-natured host and his industrious spouse, I noticed half a dozen junior members of the family—the eldest not more than two-and-twenty—engaged in such innocent recreations as were appropriate to the occasion; laugh and jest, song and story of the lighter class, for no others were allowable on this night; and well might they be excused their excessive hilarity, for with the morrow commenced the rigorous season of Lent, when the song and the dance would be hushed, and nought be heard but orisons and litanies till the joy-bell on Easter morn proclaimed "Christ hath arisen."

"You'll pass by the old mill of Rathmore on your way to C——," observed my host, as he replenished his dhudeen with a fresh supply of tobacco; "an' in troth there's many a quare story about the same mill. But as some of them aren't too pleasant, I'll just relate one about how it fell into the possession of the present family—the Garlands. The present owner's grandfather, Thady Garland, was only a miller in the service of the first man that owned it—one Daniel Dougherty. It appears that Daniel possessed two other farms beside the one on which the mill is standin,' and like many another good Irishman, he was a thrifle in arrairs wid the rent. The landlord was an odd, quare kind of a gentleman, an' he wished to take two of the farms from Dougherty.

"'I'll give you a chance, Dougherty,' says he to him one day: 'if you're able to answer me three questions which I'll propose to you, I'll forgive you the arrairs, an' laive you in undisturbed possession; if you're not, out you'll go!'

"'What are they, your honor?' says Dougherty, in a thrimblin' voice.

"'The first is, how many stars in the sky? The second is, what weight is the moon? The third is, what am I thinkin' of?'

"'Och, murther!' says Daniel. 'Why didn't your honor desire me to laive decently, an' not torture me in this manner? Shure no human Christhen could answer them questions!'

"'Have the answers for me at this hour on to-morrow evening,' says his honor, with a wave of his hand; 'or, by the sword o' Cruimmle, I'll laive you on the bone of the road.'

"Well, the poor man came home cryin', an' the first person he met was Thady Garland, his own miller; so he up and tould him how he fared wid the landlord.

"Thady paused for a while, an' then he burst out into a big laugh.

"'Musha! What are you laughin' at, Thady?" says Dougherty. 'Amn't I a picthur for grief, instead of laughter?'

"'What'll you give me,' says Thady, 'if I succeed in answerin' the ould villain?'

"'I'll give you the mill-farm an' my eldest daughter,' says Dougherty.

"'I'd's a bargain,' says Thady.

"But you can't accomplish it,' says the other.

"'We resimble twins in size an' appearance,' says Thady, 'barrin' that you look a little oulder. So I'll step into your clothes on to-morrow, an' it'll be seen whether I don't nonplus the ould mad tyrant.'

"To-morrow came, to make a long story short, an' at the appointed hour, Thady dressed up in Daniel Dougherty's clothes, and presented himself before the landlord.

"'Well Dougherty,' says his honour, 'have you the answers to my three questions?'

"Repate them, your honor, if it's all the same to you.'

"'The first is, how many stars in the heavens?'

"'Ninety-nine billions, nine hundred and ninety-nine millions, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousands, nine hundred and ninety-nine!' answered Thady, without a stammer.

"'Wrong, Dougherty!' says the landlord, takin' a huge pinch of snuff.

"'How am I wrong?" says Thady, suppressin' a smile.

"'That's not the correct number of stars,' says the other.

"'Prove to me that it's not," says Thady, 'an' I'll submit; otherwise I'll maintain that I have answered you correctly.'

"'Well, well, agreed that you have answered my first query, how will you make out my second? Recollect, you must answer by an arithmetical calculation this time. Come now, what weight is the moon?'

"Thady scratched his head, and commenced.

"'Isn't there four quarters in the moon?'

"'Yes.'

"Well, John Gough and his kind say that there are twenty-eight pounds in every quarter; so four times twenty-eight are one hundred and twelve; therefore the moon is one hundred weight—avoirdupois measurement."

"'Hum! Well, we'll let it pass, havin' regard to your cleverness. But now for the stickler! What am I thinkin' of at present? Answer correctly, or else——'

"You're thinkin' that you are talkin' to Dan Dougherty, the miller; but bedad it's the miller's man you have in it!'

"The landlord looked scared with surprise; but the proofs were against him so he acknowledged himself defeated.

"Hould a bit,' says Thady. 'It's my turn now to start you a few civil questions, seein' that I had to take the miller's place, as he's laid up wid the great sthrain you put on his narves and brains thryin' to make out the solutions. First of all, your honor tell me who it was that spoke without sin, yet never gained salvation?'

"'Is the answer to be found in the Bible?' queried the landlord.

"'It is,' says Thady.

"His honor cudgelled his brains for a while, and then observed, 'I give it up; but who was it—yourself, my smart friend?'

"'Balaam's ass!' shouted Thady.

"'I never thought of that,' says the landlord, but you need not trouble yourself further. Go home an' tell Dougherty I'll suffer him to retain his farms provided he bestows his mill-grounds on his witty man, Thady Garland.

"'I'll bear your honor's ordher's to him,' says Thady, 'without any restrictions whatsoever.'

"And so the matther ended."

As the *farathee* ended his story, his eldest daughter, who occupied a low seat beside him whispered sotto voice, "Tell the sthrange gintleman about the haunted mill and the horrid ghost that is seen in it. You know, father, he'll have to pass it."

"Tush, child! help your mother to lay the taythings on the table. Now, Mr. Traveller," he continued, in a louder tone, "I hope you won't make sthrange wid the poor repast we're goin' to offer you. Just turn your chair to the table, an' thry the merits of a cup o' tay an' a butthered pancake."

In a few moments I found myself seated in the midst of the family group at a plain deal table, on which a sufficient number of cups and mugs were placed to receive the tea—a beverage that then rarely graced the humble board except upon festive occasions like the present.

In the centre stood a large delf platter, on which were piled the thin cates which gave a name to the night in question.

When grace was recited, we set to with a will, and soon the pyramid of pancakes began visibly to diminish; indeed, a fresh supply of the edibles was under discussion when the old man himself coughed up the golden amulet amidst the hearty laughter of the entire family.

"Bedad, Molly!" he remarked, as he returned the ring to his wife—"bedad, Molly! I'm in love wid you still, though the ring was so completely hidden in the pancake that I nearly swallied it before I became aware of its presence. Ha! how soon the girls an' boys give over sittin' now that they've missed it! Ha, ha, ha! maybe they won't be so anxious to go to the chapel in the mornin' and resave the blessed ashes on their foreheads. But, shure, youngsthers will be for fun an' frolic while the hot blood is in them!

"I remember a time when Father Flynn was in this parish—Lord rest his soul! He had a funny niece for a housekeeper, an' he denounced her very bitterly, on the Sunday before Lint, on the wicked an' profane custom of tying ashy-bags to one another's coat-tails. Well, we were all in the chapel on Ash Wednesday, of course, when who steps out of the vestry but Father Flynn, an' a fine bag of ashes pinned to his soutane.

"He was the last to perceive it himself, an', when he did, he reddened up to the eyes an' then smiled. The niece got a smarth lecthur on the head of it, but sure it was like throwin' wather on a duck. Poor colleen! she died in the bloom of youth."

At this point in the conversation I signified my determination to resume my journey, much to the discomfiture of the hospitable family, who endeavored by every stratagem to detain me for the night.

Declining the proffered assistance of a guide, I wrapped my great coat around me, and, taking an affectionate farewell of this happy and virtuous family—not without a solemn promise to revisit them at a more leisure opportunity—I stepped forth in the cold night air.

Here I may be permitted to remark that I did revisit the locality after the lapse of a few short years; but, alas! the charred and blackened walls were all that remained of the humble homestead in which I had experienced that hospitality which the Irish peasant has ever accorded to the pilgrim and the stranger.

The ruthless harpy had swooped down on the peaceful household in their hour of need, and forced them to follow their exiled brethern to a distant land, with the cry of retribution on their lips and murder in their hearts.

A thick hoar-frost had enveloped every tree and shrub that grew beside the rugged *boreen* along which I travelled at a brisk pace, and I could not help contrasting the frigid coldness and dreary silence which now environed me with the pleasant warmth and mirth which I had just forsaken.

Even the gaunt poplars in their hoary shrouds appeared like ghosts extending their fleshless arms to embrace me.

How like the characters of the Irish peasant, I mused, was this sudden transition.

It admits of no medium—no gradation.

Humor and pathos, fun and ferocity, laughter and tears, follow so closely on each other that they might be considered essential or necessary to each other's existence, like the light and shade in some great picture.

How long I continued in this train of thought I cannot tell, but an unpleasant sensation of drowsiness, which I could not shake off, weighed heavily on my spirits, and as I approached a low, thatched building, which almost blocked the narrow passway, I resolved to snatch a brief repose within its walls.

Entering a rude doorway that stood wide open, I passed through a kind of half-way, and found myself in front of a glowing fire, the flames of which roared in their passage through the flue.

The thought suddenly flashed across my mind that this was the haunted mill of which I received a hint or two before I departed from the peasant's cottage; but being a sceptic in the supernatural so far as ghosts are concerned, I stretched myself on a rough bench of stones near the fire, and soon fell into a deep slumber.

Dreams of youthhood's days came crowding on my brain; but one after another they slowly vanished, until I thought that I stood on a lonesome road that led through a heath-covered moor.

I was endeavoring to cogitate what was my business in this wild and uninhabited spot, when a strange individual approached me.

He seemed to belong to the peasant class, but there was something uncommon in his appearance.

He wore no coat; but I noticed that his vest and knee-breeches were composed of frieze, and that his thin, spare legs were encased in a pair of black woolen stockings.

His features were pale, his eyes dim and watery, and two long yellow fangs were all that remained of his teeth, though his dark unkempt locks showed that he had not reached the decline of life.

But what appeared more strange and unnatural was the presence of a large black rat, which followed him at a regular distance.

When he came within a few paces of me he stood, passed his left hand across his face, and in a hollow tone of voice inquired, Who are you, and what brings you here?"

I essayed to speak, but the words stuck in my throat, and I remained motionless and dumb.

He then uttered a strange derisive laugh, that seemed to chill the very marrow in my bones; but the next moment I awoke, shivering with cold and fear.

The kiln fire had burned to cinders, and I found it impossible by its light to distinguish the figures on the dial of my watch.

I considered it time to be moving, however, and was about to put the thought into execution when the kiln door grated on its hinges, and an old man entered the narrow passage, bearing a lighted taper in his hand.

He affected no surprise at discovering a stranger seated on the bench beside the smouldering fire at that unusual hour, but fixing the candle in a sconce that hung against the wall, he asked, without deigning to look at me, "Who are you, and what brings you here?"

My strange dream flashed across my mind as I answered, in a tremulous voice, "A benighted traveller, sir who has sought repose within these walls."

"Ha! ha! ha! he laughed, as he seated himself on the opposite bench;" and how have you fared, my good sir?"

As he turned his gaze upon me I almost fainted with horror, for he bore a striking resemblance to the person I had seen in my dream; the only difference was that the individual opposite me had no hat on, and his hair was white as snow.

With a desperate effort I mustered sufficient courage to reply, "I have fared badly enough, for between dreams and realities I am sorely perplexed.

"This is in truth a haunted mill."

"You may imagine so, but there are many men of many minds."

"I may be mistaken, though," I rejoined, glad to catch at the weakest straw; "but I have been informed that the ghost of some person—a miller, I believe—is often seen about here. If you will clear up the matter I shall feel obliged."

"You are anxious to hear about the ill-fated miller, I suppose," observed the mysterious wight, with a sardonic grin, "and it is not my wish that you depart without learning his history; so hear, and see, and say nothing till I impart it to you, for few living men can tell it correctly."

He placed his elbows on his knees, supporting his head between his fleshless hands and then fixing his small, glittering eyes upon me with that cold, fascinating gaze that belongs to the serpent, he commenced as follows:—

"Simon, the miller—he was known by no other name—was not a well-favored person in any sense of the word, but he possessed many good qualities, for all that.

"He was honest, industrious, and charitable—virtues unknown to a large majority of the human race.

"But he had one great failing; he was fond of intoxicating liquors. Not that he was a constant tippler, but he set apart certain times—generally the Sabbath day to indulge an inebriety.

The pastor of his parish remonstrated with him on this bad habit without avail.

"'Give up this unlucky custom, Simon,' he would say, 'or some awful fate will happen to you.'

"But he merely laughed at the admonition.

"One Sunday afternoon, as he was carousing at a wayside tavern, a cleanly-dressed mendicant came up to him, and solicited some alms in a respectful manner.

"'My three sons have been shipwrecked and drowned off the Galway coast,' explained the poor man. 'They were part of the crew on board the ill-fated Stork, and I have learned that the Coastguards found some money in their breast-pockets when their lifeless bodies were washed ashore. I am going thither in hopes to recover the money, and to look upon their graves.'

"'Here's a bit of silver, my poor man,' said Simon, 'but don't forget to pray for the repose of my mother's soul.'

"'Your mother is either in hell or heaven,' replied the mendicant, 'and silly prayers cannot avail her much!"

"'Heretic!—devil!' hissed the miller. 'How dare you speak so—you who came of Luther's spawn!'

"The old man, feeble though he was, retorted with a quick blow of his stick; but the brawny miller warded off the stroke, and dealt his opponent a furious blow on the temple with a pewter vessel from which he had been drinking.

"The wounded mendicant staggered a few paces, then uttered a loud scream, and fell dead!

"Simon, the miller, was arrested, and put on his trial for manslaughter; but after enduring a few months' incarceration he was set at liberty.

"Still, he continued to drink heavily, and was fond of boasting of his murderous deed.

"On a certain Shrovetide night he happened to be returning from his favorite tavern, when he met three men bearing a coffin on their shoulders.

"Simon, being tipsy, considered it right and proper to lend his assistance, so he placed himself at the vacant corner, and proceeded along with the other three, who were the only individuals that composed the funeral party.

"What appeared very singular and strange to the miller was that the three men were dressed in the garb of sailors, and that each of them carried his unoccupied hand on his breast, as if concealing something; but they continued to travel on in silence, and Simon found himself incapable of uttering a word or moving from his position under the bier

"On and on they marched without pause, visiting every burial-ground in that part of the country, but as often as they approached a churchyard gate, the leader of the bearers would mutter, in a sepulchral voice, 'We cannot enter here;' and they would turn away again.

"In this mysterious manner they continued till the first crow of the cock, when they let the coffin down suddenly in a road, and vanished from the sight of the astounded miller.

"Simon's first act, on recovering from his astonishment, was to unbid the coffin.

"'Be it dog, man, or demon,' said he, 'I must see what's inside for my trouble.'

"To his great disappointment, it contained nothing but a fanoul of straw!

"'How cleverly they've fooled me!" he exclaimed, as he gave the whisp a kick.

"A black rat jumped from the straw, and ran along the road for a short distance; but, on Simon pursuing it, the rat assumed an attitude of defiance, and swelled as large as

a dog. Terrified beyond description, the miller retreated in the direction of his home; while the unnatural rodent followed at a few yards distant in his wake.

"For several weeks the miller was confined to his bed, prostrated with a burning fever; but strange to relate, the rat took up its residence in a corner of his bedroom, and continued to watch the fated miller with unceasing vigilance.

"Simon found it impossible to escape this unlooked-for surveillance; for, wherever he went, the black rat was sure to follow even after he had recovered from his illness.

"The strangest thing about the matter was that no person could see the rat but himself. Fairy-men, seers, and surgeons were consulted about his case, but their advice and nostrums proved of no avail.

"The clergy declared it was an imp, because it would not enter the circle of holy water, in order to be questioned.

"Time wore on, and the miller became so accustomed to his weird attendant, that he resumed his former habits of life, and attended the mill as though nothing unusual had occurred to blast his peace of mind.

"One day, he entered the mill in a more intoxicated state than was safe for one who followed his trade.

"The mill was in full working order at the time, and the assistants were engaged in removing sacks and barrels.

"The rat, it appears, took up its position on the miller's coat; and, urged on by the demon of inebriety, Simon rushed at the intruder, swearing as he did so, that he would destroy it, or die in the attempt.

"The rat retreated down the mill stairs, and Simon grasping his coat, blindly pursued it.

"As he was rushing past the outer wheel, his coat got fastened in the cogs.

"He uttered a piercing scream; and before he had time to ejaculate a prayer, his body was mangled between the wheels, and his startled soul passed through the eternal gates."

As the narrator pronounced the concluding words, he drew his left hand across his countenance in a manner that vividly recalled my dream.

I cast a furtive glance towards the doorway, and to my extreme horror described a large rat seated on the wooden threshold.

Desperation akin to madness now took possession of me, and I asked my uncouth entertainer in a reckless, sarcastic tone of voice, "You have told me that the miller's hair was black. Pray, my good man did it change its hue before he met with his death?"

"Yes," was the cool reply. "It turned white as snow the first night of his illness. People said it made him more remarkable than did the pair of long yellow teeth which projected from his mouth. But it is near the hour of cock-crow, young man, and I must look after the mill."

Saying which, he waved his hand towards the door, as if requesting me to depart.

With a frightfull yell, I started from my seat and rushed through the porch; but how I contrived to reach the village of C —— I know not.

Three weeks afterwards I arose from a bed of fever in the house of my dear friend, Doctor O'Brien, who had taken up his residence in C—— some years previously.

The doctor explained that a patrol of police "picked me up in a poor state of health, and carried me to his house."

He contended that I was subject to an hallucination of mind, even after I had accompanied him to the mill, and pointed out the places where the strange man and myself sat on Shrovetide night.

As no individual in the locality answered my description of the apparition, though it corresponded in every particular with that of Simon the miller as described in a local tradition, I am inclined to hold to my first and sole opinion, that I conversed with a ghost in a Haunted Mill.

Not So Bad After All.

BY HENRY FRITH.

CON CREIGHTON had got himself into a scrape, and, man-like, had no very definite idea how he was to get out of it.

Last winter, in a flush of enthusiasm, he had rewarded Emily Cummings' seraphic smiles by an offer of his hand and fortune, and she, having been for months an earnest competitor, accepted the prize with a show of tenderness that was perfect in its way.

She was a belle and a beauty, but to give the poor fellow his due, he was not very much in love himself, and had, moreover, a faint fleeting notion that his fortune had more to do with her acceptance than any purely personal merit of his own.

However, the marriage in all human probability would have taken place, and my little love-story been entirely nipped in the bud, had it not been for the grim hand of fate, which beckoned the unfortunate Con to a little watering place, on a fishing excursion ostensibly, but in reality to fall in love with pretty little Mabel Gordon.

He met her at some village gathering, and it being a fixed principle of his to attach himself to the prettiest girl in the room he in the present case adhered to his purpose with a rigidity which would have been extremely amusing, only that it so soon became serious, for after two or three meetings had followed the rustic *soiree*, Master Con was fairly infatuated, and innocent little Mabel began to think that her ideal hero had stepped out from his "castle in the air," and taken earthly lodgings for ever and ever more.

For a week the dream was bright and undisturbed; then Con began to feel uncomfortable.

With the prospect of being married to one girl in a month, he was hardly dishonorable enough to propose the same course with another; but being neither very clever nor original, he couldn't see the slightest loophole.

So, by way of inspiration, perhaps, he lingered on at Mabel's side; and she, poor child, was happy even in the uncertainty.

Of course, people talked as they always do talk; and some, more daring than the rest, encompassed Con, and looked unutterable things as they spoke of Mabel's parentage.

"Lives with her father and mother? Oh, yes. But they don't happen to be her father and mother. She is their daughter's daughter; and as to who was her father—well, we don't know, and the Blairs take care to give us no information."

Then Con was awfully angry.

He was just young enough to be Quixotic, and, of course, he wanted to marry her, shame or no shame; to take his little star-faced angel to himself for evermore—to transplant his little field daisy to a more luxuriant soil.

He went up to see her with a letter from Emily Cummings in his pocket, and an ominous feeling about his heart.

"By Jove! but this is a cheering scrape! Those Cummings' will be after me like a pack of vultures; but all I know is that I'll never have a wife if I don't get Mabel Gordon!"

So, with trembling determination, he went into her presence—pretty Mabel, with her white face upraised, and her wondrous hair falling around her like a glorious golden cloud.

"I thought you would come," she said, shyly, the color faintly flushing her fair cheeks. And then, though nature hadn't made him so, Con felt more utterly foolish than ever.

"As if I could stay away!" he answered, half-reproachfully; then added, pathetically "At least, until I have to, for I'm going away in a day or two."

I suppose Mabel had the natural coquettishness of her sex; but at that particular moment it deserted her entirely. Her eyes wandered down the road, and she leaned more heavily than ever against the garden-gate.

"Oh, are you?" very faint and tremulous, she murmured.

"Yes; but I'll come back again if anyone wants me."

She stole one quick glance at him from under her downcast lids.

"Do you want me Mabel? Shall I come back to you?"

No answer came from the parted lips; but I think he knew she wanted him, for leaning over the garden-gate, he answered her silence by saying, "Very well, dear; I'll be back in a very little while, and you'll be waiting for me, won't you?"

It was not very definite, to say the least of it.

Any other girl would have preferred a more lucid proposal; but poor little Mabel had one of those rare natures which are satisfied to give and take almost nothing—to love preeminently, perfectly, and receive in return a trifling meed of affection.

The world doesn't contain a great many like her, and I, for one, am heartily glad.

I think the women who hold their own, and anything else they can get, are far more preferable; but then earth and earth's children must be variegated, sharp as well as sweet.

Con went home that night estatically but guiltily happy, and when he reached home, he found a letter awaiting him—a letter from his mother, the elder Mrs. Creighton, asking, or I should say demanding, his instant return.

"Emily is very ill," she said, "and certainly your place should be beside the lady who in four weeks will become your wife. In addition to this, I am afraid that some ulterior object causes your long delay in that out-of-the-way place. I have heard, but totally disbelieve, a rumor of some girl whose pretty face has attracted your attentions. It floated upon me with some appearance of veracity, and might have troubled me had I not known I could trust your dignity as being a member of the Creighton family, and your honor as being engaged to Emily Cummings."

Con crushed the letter in his hand, and tried to stare circumstances in the face, but circumstances baffled him, and in a state of semi-torture he retired to his dream-disturbed couch.

The next morning he returned to London, leaving a little note for Mabel in explanation of his absence.

Emily Cummings was much better when he reached the city.

Mrs. Creighton greeted him with dignified pleasure, and poor Con felt as utterly mean and dishonorable as his most inveterate enemy could have desired.

For a week he wandered around in a very uncomfortable state, and then he began to make sudden resolutions.

"What a confounded fool I am!" he soliloquized, as he walked along Piccadilly in the most dolorous frame of mind. "I haven't written a word to poor little Mabel, and these people are determined to get me married. I'd better break my bonds before it's too late."

"Mr. Creighton, I would like to speak with you for a moment, please."

Con turned with a start, and encountered his lawyer, Arthur Gray, of the firm of Gray and Myers, solicitors.

"Certainly, Mr. Gray! What's the business now?"

"Rather an unpleasant business I am sorry to say, sir. But will you step in my office, where I can fully explain?"

Con followed him in, and waited to hear what the unpleasant business might be.

"You are aware, sir, that, your late uncle from whom you inherit your fortune, died intestate—or I should say, was thought to have died intestate—whereupon you were his heir-at-law. A few days since, however, we made what to you must prove a painful discovery—viz, the certificate of his marriage, and a half-drawn-up will, in which he bequeathed all he possessed to his unacknowledged wife, or her children, should she have any. After diligent inquiries, we have discovered that the late Mrs. Creighton died in giving birth to a child, but the child is still living, so, my dear Mr. Creighton, with deep sorrow, I must inform you that you are——"

"Penniless!" finished Con, gloomily, but with deliberation.

"Not quite, Mr. Creighton. Your father left you ten thousand dollars, which is something, though considerably less than one hundred thousand. Your cousin arrived to-day, I believe."

Poor Con! He didn't care very much if she never arrived; but he managed to get into the street without disgracefully showing his feelings, and then, by way of keeping up the illusion, tried to whistle.

But the effort was a miserable failure, for after all, it's no joke to find oneself suddenly precipitated from the pinnacle of millionaire-ship.

"Well, after all, there's one comfort," he said, returning to his soliloquy; "Emily Cummings won't want me now, so I fancy I'll give her warning. Mabel will take me, rich or poor, and I hope I'm not such a miserable coward as to shrink the labor of a man."

His meditations brought him up in front of the Cummings' residence.

Five minutes after, he was sitting in the daintiest of boudoirs, Emily before him in the most *recherche* of French morning robes, fragrant with the subtlest of French perfumes.

"You look dreadfully tired, Con. Have you been walking very far?" she asked, a sweet sympathy perceptible in her voice, and a tender anxiety in her luminous eyes.

"Not particularly far, but I have had bad news; and, as a general thing, that is more harassing than the mere effort of walking."

Con had a way of plunging right into difficulties, and now he wanted to be over with it.

"Why, what news have you had? Nothing very serious, I hope."

"Oh, not at all! Only that I've lost every penny of the fortune my uncle left me!"

He now noticed with great satisfaction that her fair face grew very white, and that she instantly put on an indescribable expression of withdrawal.

"Lost, eh? Oh, no! How?"

"Oh, in a romantic way, of course. It seems that my supposed bachelor uncle was in reality a Benedict, but as his marriage was a secret one, and the girl was not of his own social status, nobody knew anything about it, so he told her the ceremony was false, and left her. She died heart-broken, but left an heir or heiress, I don't know which. This child takes the silver spoon out of my mouth, and I, as you see, lose $100,000 and am ruined. Plain and lucid, isn't it?"

But Emily didn't answer; she was grieving over her fallen castles, musing over her unpaid bills, and wondering whether her father could stand this last stroke of misfortune:

"Of course, Emily, I came to you at once to release you, if you wished, from our engagement. Reared as you have been, I could not expect you to marry a poor man; and, indeed, I fear that, in my changed circumstances, I would be no fit husband for you."

Then Emily Cummings showed that, girl as she was, she was equal to the occasion.

Standing fully before him, where the light fell directly on the beautiful, haughty face and slender, graceful figure, she assisted him out of his difficulty with an ease and grace that was almost supero.

"I can readily perceive, Mr. Creighton, that it is your wish that our engagement should end, and knowing this, I should be the last one to oppose your inclinations. As regards your loss, I sympathize with you sincerely, but I cannot fail to rejoice that it happened before I awoke to the fate of an unloved wife."

She paused for breath, and then, as Con stood in shamefaced and, it must be confessed, slightly disgusted silence, she went on, "And now, Mr. Creighton, rather than prolong our unpleasant interview, had we not better say good-by?"

So, for the last time, Con went down the marble stairs, saying to himself. "At any rate, I still have two thousand and Mabel."

He walked along the streets, feeling his spirits considerably lighter, his troubled conscience comparatively at rest; but just as he reached his mother's residence Gray once more encountered him.

"Ah, here you are again! The very fellow I want! Your cousin has arrived, and is anxious to see you. Could you go to her at once? She is with some relatives at the 'Grand Hotel.'"

Con turned on him, a sulky expression wreathing his handsome face.

"Look here, Gray! Isn't it enough for a fellow to be left penniless, without making him play lackey to the girl that's got his money? As you're so desperately interested, you can tell my cousin that I am very much engaged to day, and can't go to her. If she wishes to see my mother, I presume she can find her."

Arthur Grey whistled as he turned his back upon his late client.

He was a young man, and still unmarried so it may be presumed he didn't feel very badly as he returned to pay his devoirs to the heiress.

But Con felt far from comfortable as he passed the massive portals of his mother's door, and strode impatiently down the stately halls that were theirs no longer.

As he stood inside the lofty room that his imagination had already peopled, and looked around on the velvet chairs and lounges in every nook of which he had already ensconced, in fancy, Mable's slender figure on the softly yielding carpets that he hoped her little feet would press; on the heavy silken curtains from between which he had dreampt of seeing a childish face and a golden head waiting and watching for him, he did feel very, very badly; and, after all I don't think any of us can blame him, although we may all have raised supercilious eyebrows at the truthful homeliness of the old proverb, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

After his passion had subsided he wrote to Mabel, and, to give him his due, took infinite comfort in so doing.

He told her all his misfortunes, and asked if she would in reality become his wife; told her how he hoped by his own exertions to climb the ladder, and asked the aid of her small hands to help him in the struggle. Then he stamped the letter, and sealed it with the Creighton seal; after which he went in search of his mother. She was out driving, the servant said, and would not be home until dinner.

So, with a feeling of half relief, he was descending the stairs, when the servant called, "I forgot to give you this note, Mr. Creighton. It was left here about five minutes ago."

Con took it up and glanced carelessly at it, a dainty little envelope, whose delicate address he did not recognise, broke the seal, and read:

"Miss Creighton's compliments to Mr. Creighton, and desires his immediate presence at the 'Grand Hotel.'"

"By Jove! She'll offer me the post of footman next, I presume. But I'll go to her now, and let her see her mistake."

So, in anything but an amiable humor, he wended his way to her "immediate presence."

"Miss Creighton is engaged at present, but will be down in five minutes," the waiter said. And after he had disappeared Con began to mutter something very contemptuous about "country charms," &c.

Then, finding he had to wait, he resigned himself to a comfortable arm-chair until a light step sounded in the hall; until a slight figure, with clouds of golden hair and diaphanous robes of fleecy gauze, came floating into the room; until a sweet voice cried out, "Oh, Con, I am so glad to see you!"

Then, while he was staring and wondering, Mabel's two white hands were laid in his; Mabel's sweet face was upturned to him, Mabel's violet eyes rested upon him, the tender love-light lurking in their depths.

"Mabel, my darling—my own little Mabel, what does this mean?"

"Why, you silly fellow it means that I'm your cousin, Mabel Creighton; and that I'm glad, oh! so glad, Con, that I didn't take your money never to return it. And I'm gladder still that we met before they made this discovery, and that you loved me in spite of what people said!"

He was so stupefied that he could only manage to say, "Well, did you know what they said?"

She drew herself up to her fullest height, and looked him proudly in the face.

"Certainly I didn't know it, or I would have found out the truth, and told you all at the time you asked me to be waiting for your return. I always thought I was grandpapa's daughter, for you know when my mother died we left the place where I was born, and went to the village where you met me."

He began to realize it then, but still you can imagine that he felt rather awkward.

"And so my little Mabel is the heiress?" he began, by way of prelude; but she interrupted him.

"No, Con, I'm *not*; I don't want the money nor grandpa, nor grandma does not want it. We were happy before, and we can be happy again if——"

And then she stopped, the violet eyes drooped, and Con was himself again, as he stooped towards her saying, "Very well, darling; but I must take you, too, for security."

Three months after the security was paid, and the golden link of the marriage that riveted the agreement for ever; while with smiling serenity Mrs. Creighton, senior, looked on, entirely forgetting her old advocacy of Emily Cummings, and her aversion to the little country girl whose pretty face had attracted Con's attentions.

Ah, well! I suppose she is pardonable; and I wonder, in the universal joy, if the Mable Creighton that slept so peacefully in the village churchyard knew that her daughter was happy?

Life consists, not in the abundance of things that we possess, but in the good and honest work that we do. Let us vow while we live, not to lade our souls with the thick clay of earthly riches—not to daub our lives with the untempered mortar of human praise—not to waste our labors on those gains of the wilderness which can neither satisfy the soul's hunger nor quench its thirst, but for what is best and greatest, to do our duty to all the world.

Her Own Secret.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

MR. JAMES HUDSON, a rich merchant, who had given up business, lived in elegant retirement in a fine house in Courtfield Gardens, with his two daughters and maiden sister.

His wife had been dead for many years. Grace and May, the daughters were fifteen and thirteen years of age, and Mr. Hudson, having seen cause to part with their governesses inserted in the Times an advertisement for a young lady, competent to take charge of their education.

The mother of Grace and May was the second wife of Mr. Hudson.

His first wife had a sister Margaret, who had lived in his family for several years, when she married, somewhat against the wishes of her friends, and this gave cause, after the death of her sister, to an estrangement between her and the family of Mr. Hudson.

This estrangement was mainly attributable to the interference of Miss Caroline Hudson, the elderly maiden sister of the merchant, who took every opportunity to prejudice the mind of her brother against the sister of his deceased wife.

The coldness with which Margaret, or rather, Mrs. Russel, was received at the house of Mr. Hudson the few times that she called subsequent to the death of her sister, determined her never to go there again.

Mr. Hudson noticed this, and spoke about it to his sister several times, who invariably met all allusions to Margaret with words of disparagement.

His second marriage made the separation between him and his first wife's sister complete.

Mrs. Russel was happy in her marriage. Her husband was a barrister with a good practice, the income from which supported them comfortably.

But their style of living was so different from that of Mr. Hudson, and the circle in which they moved so remote, that these causes, had none other existed, would have led to a very limited intercourse of the two families.

Mrs. Russel had three children; but only one of them—Cora, a fine, cheerful, free-spirited, highly-intelligent and well-educated girl—lived to womanhood.

The others died young.

When Cora was twenty years of age she had the misfortune to lose her father—a sad loss indeed; for with his death the comfortable income upon which the family had lived was cut off.

Mr. Hudson was reading his newspaper one day about this time, when he said to his sister, looking up from it, "What was the name of Margaret's husband?"

"Russel, I believe," replied Caroline, in a tone of indifference.

"He was a lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember his christian name?"

"Edward, I think."

"He is dead!"

"Ah!"

This was said very coldly.

"Yes; his death is announced to-day. Poor Margaret! I wonder in what circumstances he has left her?"

"Comfortable enough, no doubt, for one of her tastes and habits," replied Caroline, with ill-concealed dislike in her voice.

"I don't know, Caroline, that Margaret was low in her tastes or habits. I should rather call her a woman of refinement."

"I don't think she showed much of it in her marriage."

"Did you ever meet her husband?"

"I?"—speaking with surprise. "No, indeed! Where do you suppose I should have met him?"

"Then what do you know about him?"

"Nothing at all; and what is more, I don't want to know anything about him."

"As for that, Caroline," returned Mr. Hudson, slightly knitting his brows, "I am satisfied that you have met and felt honored with the acquaintance of men not possessing half his worth. I did not know him myself; but I am sure of one thing—that Margaret would never have married a man whose tastes were not refined and whose principles were not good."

Miss Hudson met this remark with a gesture and an air of impatience; seeing which her brother dropped the subject.

Contempt of everything below a certain grade, as well as, perhaps, a more selfish and interested feeling, formed the groundwork of Miss Hudson's dislike towards Mrs. Russel.

The announcement of her husband's death, and the interest for her thereby awakened in her brother's mind, in no way diminished this dislike and contempt.

Two or three hundred dollars, besides his household furniture, was all that Mr. Russel had left his widow and family, and no very long time passed before they began to feel anxious about the future.

By the end of the year but a single hundred remained, and no means of obtaining even a very small income had been devised.

Cora would never allow her mother to sink into a desperate mood.

"There are only two of us, and I am sure we shall be able to take care of ourselves," she would say.

"But how, Cora, how?" would always be asked.

The reply to this was never very satisfactory to either party.

The "how" was a posing question.

"Oh, I can do something," she would answer.

"But what can you do, Cora?"

"Teach something or other—music, drawing, singing, French, or Italian."

But to this suggestion there was a positive shake of the head, and the reply, "I shall not think of such a thing!"

"Others have to do it, mother, and why may not I? For the ability I ought to be thankful, as well as be willing to use it."

"It is out of the question, Cora."

Some hours afterwards, when her mother had grown calmer, she said to her, "My mind is made up to endeavor to get employment as a governess."

"You must not think of it, Cora," returned Mrs. Russel, quickly.

"It is plainly my duty to do so, mother, and from doing my duty I ought not to shrink. I have been looking over the newspaper to-day, and have cut out an advertisement, which, if it can be obtained, will suit me. Here it is."

And she read:—

"'Governess.—Wanted, in a high-class family, a governess for two young ladies. She must understand and be able to teach music, drawing, French, Spanish and Italian. Undoubted reference to character and qualification must be given. To a suitable lady a most liberal salary will be given. Apply at No.—, Courtfield Gardens, South Kensington, S. W.'"

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Russel, quickly.

"At Number—, Courtfield Gardens."

"It won't suit you, Cora,—I know it won't."

"I am sure it will suit me very well, if I can be fortunate enough to secure the post."

"Don't think of applying there!"

Mrs. Russel spoke in an earnest, positive voice.

"I believe I am fully competent to give instruction in the branches required, and I think that I shall find no difficulty as to references of the most undoubted kind. So far as respectable connections are concerned I presume"—and Cora put on a mischievous smile—"that I may claim a kind of accidental relationship with the Hudsons. If I say that Mr. Hudson is my uncle, that would, I am certain, be quite sufficient."

"You don't know what you are talking about, Cora," said Mrs. Russel, with some warmth.

"Perhaps not," returned Cora, still in a cheerful spirit. "But I know what I am going to do."

"What?"

"I am going to answer this advertisement."

"No—no—no!—you must not think of it!"

A servant came to the door at this moment, and announced an old friend of Mrs. Russel's. Further conversation on the subject was therefore an end.

The visitor had come to spend the afternoon, and Cora was therefore left to herself for a few hours. This time she used to good purpose, as we shall see.

Not wishing to have another argument with her mother on the subject, upon which there seemed to be no prospect of an agreement, and convinced that it was her duty to take immediate steps for the securing of some kind of employment, she was not long in making up her mind to go that afternoon and apply personally for the situation advertised.

Without letting anyone know of her intention, she dressed herself and went out, and soon found herself standing on the broad steps of Number—.

A servant showed her into a morning-room, when she was soon visited by an elderly lady, whose air of stately dignity, and cold, almost severe, countenance, did not impress her very favorably.

"I have called in answer to your advertisement for a governess."

The lady bowed formally, though not a feature relaxed.

Her eyes, from the moment Cora entered the room, had been fixed upon her with an earnest scrutiny.

"What is your name, miss?" she asked.

"Cora Russel."

There was a sudden change in the expression of that cold face; but why it occured, or what it betokened, Cora did not know.

"Are your parents alive?"

"My mother is."

"And she sent you to apply for the situation?"

"No, madam,"—speaking quickly; "I came of my own accord."

"I hardly think you are the person my brother wants," said Miss Hudson after a moment's reflection, and satisfying herself that Cora was not aware that she was in the house of her uncle.

"Why not?" asked Cora.

"Because I do not think so!" said Miss Hudson, rather haughtily.

Cora was a girl of some spirit, and not easily turned aside from her purpose.

She therefore replied, with a dignity and a self-possession that the other had not expected, "Unless your brother have an opportunity of seeing those who apply for the situation, how is he to determine whether they will suit him or not? With regard to ability to do what is wanted, I believe I possess it; and so far as connection and references are concerned, I presume they will be found perfectly satisfactory."

There was something in the spirit and manner of the young girl, whose eye did not once fall beneath the piercing gaze which was fixed upon her, that Miss Hudson could not well withstand.

"Come; I will show you up," she said, sharply; and led the way from the room, up-stairs into the library, where an elderly gentleman sat at a table, on which were books and papers.

"Here is a young person who has called in answer to the advertisement for a governess."

"Ah!"

And Mr. Hudson turned his calm but penetrating eyes upon Cora, and regarded her young face for some moments. Then he said, "Very well, Caroline!" in a tone that she understood meant, "You can retire."

At the same time he gave Cora a chair, and requested her to be seated.

Neither Mr. Hudson nor Cora saw the angry, almost malignant, look that was directed towards the latter by Miss Hudson as she left the room.

"Have you held a situation as governess in a school or family?" asked Mr. Hudson, as soon as they were alone.

"No, sir," returned Cora. "The necessity for doing so has only existed for a short time."

"Do you think yourself qualified for the task you appear willing to undertake?"

"I think I am, sir," she replied, modestly.

"You are aware that references as to character and qualifications are required? I presume you are ready to give these?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you have them, I will write them down."

And Mr. Hudson turned to the table, and took up a pen.

Three or four individuals were named.

"These will do. And now what are your family connections?" said Mr. Hudson. "These I deem of importance, as I am very particular about the lady whom I appoint to the responsible situation of governess to my daughters."

There was a pause; and then Cora said, "Do you know Mr. James Hudson?"

The merchant looked earnestly into the young lady's face for a moment.

"Yes, I know him," he then replied.

"He married my mother's sister," said Cora, with a slight degree of hesitation in her voice, as if the reference were not altogether pleasant to her.

"What is your mother's name?"

"Russel."

"Is your father alive?"

"No, sir. He died about two years ago?"

"Are you an only child?"

"Yes sir."

"Where does your mother live?"

The address was given.

Mr. Hudson again looked into the face of the young applicant so evrnestly, that her eyes fell to the floor.

"I suppose your father left no property at his death?" said Mr. Hudson.

"He only left a few hundred dollars."

"And that is all gone now?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Cora Russel."

"Very well, Miss Russel; I will consider your application; and let you hear from me in a day or two," said Mr. Hudson.

Cora arose, bowed, and moved across the room. At the door she lingered a few moments.

"Is there any hope of my obtaining the situation, sir?" she ventured to ask. "Do you give me any encouragement?"

"I cannot say anything just now," replied Mr. Hudson, kindly; "but I promise that you shall hear from me soon."

Cora bowed again, and retired.

She had only been gone a short time, when Miss Hudson entered the room.

"Do you know who that girl is?" she said with a frown upon her face.

"I do," replied Mr. Hudson.

"Isn't she an impudent girl?"

"How?"

"Why, to reply to your advertisement. It's the greatest piece of assurance I ever heard of!"

"I don't see why she has not as much right to reply to the advertisement as anyone."

"You don't think of engaging her?"

"Why not, if she be qualified?"

"The daughter of Mr. Russel!" And Miss Hudson drew herself up haughtily.

"She is none the worse in my eyes for that. On the contrary, the fact is a strong recommendation."

"James," said Miss Hudson, sharply, "I will never consent to her coming into the house."

"Are Grace and Mary your children or mine?" calmly, but significantly, asked Mr. Hudson.

This was more than Miss Hudson could stand, and she swept angrily from the room.

Cora returned home, in doubt whether to feel encouraged or not by the reception. What she had done was her own secret. She said nothing about it at home.

About eight o'clock that night, as she sat reading to her mother, the street bell rang and the servant in a few moments announced a visitor.

It was a gentleman, who without giving his name to the servant, passed in close behind her, and was in the room where the two ladies were sitting almost as soon as he was announced.

Cora saw with surprise that he was the very gentleman to whom she had that day applied for the situation of governess; but her surprise was still greater, and changed to blushing confusion, when she heard her mother address him as Mr. Hudson, and saw him eagerly grasp her hand, and express himself highly pleased at meeting her once more.

"And this is your daughter, I believe?" he said, turning to Cora, whose face was like crimson, at the same time extending to her his hand.

"Yes, that is my daughter," replied Mrs. Russel—"my only child!"

The look that Mr. Hudson gave Cora reassured her; and by an effort she overcame the confusion into which she had been thrown by his sudden appearance.

Mr. Hudson sat for an hour, making the most particular inquiries about the circumstances and prospects of Mrs. Russel, and also about the kind of education Cora had received.

He closed by stating he was much in want of a governess for his two daughters, and that if Cora was willing to undertake the charge of them, he would at once engage her at a salary of ten hundred dollars per annum.

"I accept the offer," said Cora, quickly, fearing lest some objection should be raised by her mother, "and accept it gladly!"

"And what do you say, Margaret?" asked Mr. Hudson. "Shall I have Cora as the governess of my children? I promise you that she shall be treated with every kindness and consideration, and I am sure that my daughters will love her, and look up to her as an elder sister."

Mrs. Russel could only reply in the affirmative.

"Let her come and see me to-morrow," said Mr. Hudson. "I will then introduce her to my daughters. After that I will see you again."

Cora was silent for the present upon the subject of her call upon Mr. Hudson, and allowed her mother to express more than twenty times her wonder how he should know where she lived, and why he should call so opportunely.

Next morning Mr. Hudson informed his sister that he had engaged Cora Russel as governess of his daughters, and that she was to call that day for the purpose of being introduced to them.

At this, Miss Hudson fell into a violent passion, and declared if that "low-born creature came into the house, she would have to leave it."

"As you please," was Mr. Hudson's cool reply.

He was offended at this uncalled-for interference, and spoke as he felt.

This was too much for the proud-spirited sister, who left the house within an hour.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Hudson again called upon Cora's mother, and offered her a handsome compensation to come and take his sister's place in the family.

It needed no persuasion to induce her to accept this offer.

Under her administration a warmer sphere prevaded the whole family.

The children of Mr. Hudson, instead of approaching her as they had done Miss Hudson—with formal politeness—drew near with that affection which a child displays towards its mother.

And she was to them as faithful and loving as a mother. And Cora was like an elder sister to Grace and May; but her position as such never caused her to abate a single effort as their instructress.

In her duty to them and to Mr. Hudson she never failed.

A few years only did this continue; then the young ladies needed her care no longer, and she had to resign her place as governess in the family. But she still remained. Neither the father nor daughter would listen for a moment to any separation. She had become one of themselves.

Not long afterwards she was married to a gentleman of fortune, and took that place in society to which her virtues, her intelligence and her accomplishments entitled her.

THE MIKADO IN HIS HOME. On the third day of the great festival an ancient no drama of Japan was presented to the spectators, an operatic sort of a performance that lasted for hours and was tedious to a degree for one not speaking the language nor versed in all the curious symbolisms brought in by the costumes and movements.

Three musicians thumped on wooden drums, shaped like spools, and held over the right shoulder, and the burden of their song was a chorus in which the words "moo-row, moo-row" were wailed after the most feline manner. Mysterious men with long gray hair and wigs and beards, extraordinary costumes and gilded masks, strode and crept about the stage, went through a pantomime of bringing a sword and presenting it to a Mikado, who sat enthroned in most gorgeous gold brocade, and for half an hour at a time gave no more sign of life than if he had been made of stone.

The motionless Mikado received homage from dignitos of the old style, wearing queer lacquered hats, superb coats and gowns, and the long, trailing trousers that Commodore Perry and Sir Rutherford Alcock found worn at court during their early visits. Men shuffled in with trouser legs trailing two yards behind them, and the rustle of the stiff gold and silver brocade was most impressive.

At one point in the dance two courtiers confronted one another in angry dialogue, and to give emphasis to their remarks they kicked backward and snapped the long trouser legs up over their shoulders, as one might snap a whip, or make a fine gesture with the arm. Young boys of eight and ten years took part in the performance, wearing superb trailing costumes like their elders, and carrying themselves with a state and dignity most astonishing to watch.

Nervous Exhaustion

A very large number of persons are suffering from physical or nervous exhaustion and a low state of vitality, brought on by various causes. They are not sick enough to be classed with invalids, nor well enough to enjoy life. For this class of persons the Compound Oxygen Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., is especially adapted, acting as it does directly on the great nervous centres, rendering them more vigorous, active and efficient. Send for their pamphlet describing the nature and action of this remarkable Treatment. It will be mailed free.

Our Young Folks.

OUR PICNIC.

BY R. PEYTON WARD.

"COME along, Elsie," cried Stephen Warley; "we shall be late. What a dawdle you are!"

"There is plenty of time," replied Elsie, gently. "Ida and Saunders are to meet us at eleven, and it is only half-past ten now. Where shall we go, do you think?"

"Saunders says the Swan Island will be lovely to-day, we can get there easily, have our lunch, and drop down the stream again."

"That will be splendid!" said Elsie, joyously; so off she ran to put on her hat and fetch her sunshade, for the day promised to be very hot; and it kept its promise.

"Mind the swans," said Mrs. Warley. "They are sitting at this time of year, and may be angry if you go at all near their nests. Robert has carried your basket and shawls down."

"I thank you, mother," said both brother and sister, as they kissed her for her thoughtful kindness; and hurried away.

At the end of the lane leading to the river they overtook Ida and Saunders Warley, their cousins, and then the boys went on in front to see whether the boat was ready, while Elsie and Ida came along more slowly.

"We will make those boys tow us up," said Elsie. "I am not going to row; and it is much nicer to be towed than to have them sculling in the boat. Don't you think so?"

"Sometimes," replied Ida. "But they are very good in the boat always, Stephen especially."

"Now, girls come along," cried their cousins, who had already got out the tow line. "We will tow you up to the lock, and then put round to the back water, where we can lunch. What do you say?"

"Very nicely," replied Elsie; "we were hoping you would tow us up. It is so nice to glide up stream—on such a day as this, too."

"Won't they be very hot towing?" asked Ida.

"Oh, no!" replied Stephen. We don't mind, do we, Saunders?"

"Not a little bit," replied Saunders; "and besides," he continued, with a provoking smile, "when the old swans attack the boat we shall be out of it!"

"Do you think there is any fear?" whispered Elsie to Ida. "I am dreadfully afraid of swans."

"The boys will take care of us," replied Ida, with firm faith in her relations. It will be time enough to be frightened when the swans come at us. We can fight them with our sculls and the boat hook."

"Now, Elsie, steer properly," cried her brother. "Keep your eyes ahead, and mind what you are about. Are you quite ready, Ida?"

"Quite, thank you," replied his cousin. "He doesn't ask you, Elsie," she whispered.

"Brothers never do. Haven't you found that out? Go on, ponies; mind you pull evenly; and don't behave like donkeys."

An inarticulate grumble from the "ponies" was the answer, and they started, Elsie steering parallel with the bank, sometimes quite close when the water was deep, sometimes pulling the left string hard to clear a shoal, or to bring the rope tightly over a brush or bramble.

So up they went merrily, chattering and laughing to the lock, which was passed in safety.

"We may as well pull you on past the weir," said Saunders, as the boat was hauled out of the lock. "We will tow you up to the island."

So the boys hurried on, and the light boat flew up stream; but before it had reached the island Elsie cried out—

"Run, Stephen! run, Saunders! Here's a swan! He is in a rage! Go on! Go on!"

"He can't hurt you," shouted Stephen. "Don't make such a fuss."

"Come on, Stephen," said his cousin. "The swan looks decidedly angry; should he attack the boat the girls will stand a bad chance."

"What a stupid he is!" said Stephen; "we don't want to hurt him next."

The swan, meanwhile, was rushing along the river.

Every time he pushed forward through the water in front of him, and it was evident he would cut off the boat as he came across stream angrily.

His wings were puffed out, and he paddled with great force, looking very determined indeed.

Elsie became very much frightened; so did Ida, but she seized the boat-hook, while Elsie continued steering.

"Pull hard!" cried Elsie; "harder, now!"

The boys heard her, and made a desperate effort.

The stream above the weir was pretty strong, so they had to tug with all their strength. They did so indeed.

On rushed the boat, throwing up quite a wave. The old swan came on gallantly too, but the girls were just thinking they would beat him when a crack was heard; the boys stumbled, and fell forward on the towing-path headlong; the rope flew up in the air, curling over the water.

It had broken!

Elsie jumped up, so did Ida; but a cry from Stephen made them sit down at once.

"Keep quiet," he cried; "we will rescue you. Mind the swan Ida!"

At that moment the swan came dashing along, and made a vigorous push and bite at Ida.

She struck him with the boat-hook while Elsie jumped up again and grasped a scull. The swan leaped up in the water and made a tremendous blow at Ida with his wing.

Had the blow taken effect, it might, and in all probability would, have broken her arm.

Fortunately it missed her, and then Elsie very bravely hit the angry bird on the neck with the scull, so hard that his head drooped and he floated away half stunned.

But unfortunately, poor Elsie could not recover her balance again.

The sweeping blow which she had dealt the swan carried her half round.

She tripped, fell forward, and in a second plunged head first into the stream.

Ida said nothing; she got very white, but did not even utter a cry.

The boys had seen the danger, and were in a measure prepared.

Before Ida could pull the boat around with the scull that remained, two splashes were heard; both Saunders and his cousin had leaped into the river to rescue Elsie.

She had risen to the surface, and was reassured when she saw them near.

She paddled with her hands, and Ida came fast down the stream with the boat. In a moment more her brother had clasped Elsie by one arm, and her cousin held her by the other.

"Quick, quick!" cried Ida; "the weir, the weir!"

Saunders heard her, and said to his cousin, "You can manage Elsie now, Stephen. Give me the broken rope, Ida," he cried.

Ida rushed to the bow and threw him the rope, which had broken off about six feet from the end of the boat at an old splice.

Strong Saunders caught it, and holding it tightly between his teeth swam towards the shore down the stream, so as to pull the boat away from the weir.

The man at the lock had by this time seen the danger, and had put off in his punt to help.

But by the time he had arrived Elsie was clinging to the boat, and Stephen had picked up the scull, while Ida was using the other one to help Saunders.

"Well!" exclaimed the lock keeper, "I must say, young gentlemen, you are a plucky pair; and the young ladies too are brave as the bravest! There, miss," he continued, as he helped Elsie into the punt, "you come along o'me and we'll have your wet things off in no time."

He did not wait for permission.

He carried dripping Elsie into the house, where his wife had got a bed ready.

Elsie was put into nice warm blankets, and had some beautiful hot tea and toast, while dinner was being got ready and while her clothes were drying.

Then instead of lunching on the island the party had to lunch in the lock-house, with Elsie peeping comically out from between the blankets.

Then she had a nice sleep, while the others went up in the boat again to see what had become of the swan.

He was sitting on the bank looking very ill, as if he had a headache, which perhaps he had.

The children gave him some bread, and left some for other swans too.

Then the boys rowed back to the lock, and found Elsie up and dressed, drinking tea as merrily as ever.

They all thanked the kind lock-keeper and his wife; and when they had given him a reward for his assistance, Stephen and Elsie pulled the boat gently home and told their adventure, which alarmed Mrs. Warley a good deal.

No harm ever came of it; but had not the boys known how to swim, and had not the girls been steady and brave, the picnic to Swan Island might have had a melancholy ending instead of being merely an adventure, as it was.

ABOUT VOLCANOES.

VERY few of my readers, I suspect, have seen a volcano in active eruption; should they ever witness that magnificent sight, they are not likely to forget it. To see a great tongue of flame and smoke leap out of the top of a mountain with a report which may be heard hundreds of miles away, to watch the burning ball of cinders, and the impetuous torrent of red-hot lava burning up and destroying everything within its course, is not an everyday experience.

Yet those who live, as many people in various parts of the world do, at the foot of a volcano, are in constant danger of just seeing the flash, and then being burned to death in the lava or buried, as the inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii were, beneath the showers of red hot stones and cinders.

Here in America we are happily safe from such sudden danger; but only a few hundred miles from our shores there are two famous volcanoes—Etna, in the island of Sicily, and Vesuvius, on the Bay of Naples—which are liable to go into eruption any day, so violently perhaps as to destroy, even as they have done before now, every thing for miles around.

During the present century there has been but one really great and disastrous volcanic eruption, and that occurred only a couple of years ago.

In the Straits of Sunda, in the Dutch East Indies, there was an Island called Krakatoa which was nothing more than a great volcano.

Large numbers of people lived on that and neighboring islands, and everything had been quiet for so long that nobody feared any danger; yet one day in the summer of 1883 there was a terrible eruption, the sea was violently agitated, and Krakatoa almost entirely disappeared.

Thousands of lives—40,000 it is said—and several vessels were lost, and ships sailing along hundreds of miles away had their decks strewn with cinders thrown up by that terrible volcanic island before it disappeared forever.

Happily, such frightful eruptions are very rare, but it is impossible to depend upon a volcano, which may remain perfectly quiet for more than a century, as Vesuvius did from 1500 to 1631, or which may go into eruption every two or three years.

Scientific men have not yet been able to discover how volcanoes came to exist, or what is the cause of their periodical eruptions.

Many interesting facts have, however, been ascertained regarding them, mainly by the bravery and endurance of travelers, who have run the greatest risks to add a few facts to our store of knowledge of these wonderful mountains.

One of the earliest naturalists who gave his attention to volcanoes was Pliny the Elder in the time of ancient Rome, who fell a martyr to his scientific zeal.

He was ascending Mount Vesuvius in company with his nephew, Pliny the Younger, when he was suffocated by the sulphur-fumes from the crater.

The crater, I should tell you, is the great open top—the mouth in fact, of the volcano.

When the mountain is at rest, it is possible to look over the edge of the crater down into the very heart of the volcano, but it is of course impossible to see much.

The crater is often of enormous depth, and it has been calculated that the distance from the mouth to solid ground right down in the bowels of the earth may probably be seventy-five or eighty miles.

It is not now a very difficult thing to take a glance down the crater of Vesuvius, for a railway runs up the mountain, and every day in the summer numbers of people travel to the top.

It is nearly five-and twenty years since there was any great eruption of Vesuvius, but there have been several slight ones within the last few years.

One eruption of Vesuvius is rarely like another; sometimes there are lengthened warnings, while at others scarcely any warning is given; one eruption may begin with a shower of hot stones, and another with a stream of lava.

In 1861 constant discharges of electricity were observed out of the crater.

The streams of lava sometimes run down the sides of Vesuvius with enormous velocity.

In the great eruption of 1805 the lava ran three miles in four minutes, whereas on other occasions it has trickled down very slowly.

The lava when it leaves the crater is boiling hot—so hot, indeed, that it has been known to be more than a year in cooling. Some eleven months after an eruption of Vesuvius, a traveler who planted his walking-stick in some lava there was astonished to see it blaze up so fiercely that he had to throw it away.

At another time the lava will get cool comparatively quickly.

The most destructive eruption of Vesuvius which history records was that which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, and probably also the neighboring city of Stabiæ. That was more than a thousand years ago—in the year A. D. 79.

All these cities were buried in the burning cinders thrown out of the volcano above them.

Although the ancient Latin writers left descriptions of the fearful fate which overtook these cities, their exact sites were forgotten until in the last century some excavations showed their precise position.

From then until now digging has from time to time been continued, and the greater part of both Herculaneum and Pompeii has been cleared of the rubbish of ages.

You may go now and walk in the streets of Pompeii, and see the ruts made by the chariot-wheels of the Romans who were suffocated in the cinders and ashes of Vesuvius one thousand and six years ago.

Many of the houses have also been cleared even to the cellars, where the great jars which the Romans used instead of barrels were found still full of wine, congealed by time into a solid mass.

In some of the rooms were found the skeletons of those who had been unable to escape in time.

In one house was found the skeleton of a man who had been suffocated as he attempted to fly with his money, for coins of the time were found scattered around him.

In another house the explorers discovered the skeleton of a dog; while in what is believed to have been the prison a chain was still fastened to the bones of a skeleton—a prisoner, no doubt, who was forgotten in the panic.

All this happened a thousand years ago; yet to visit Pompeii it seems as real as though it had all taken place quite recently.

So many interesting things—ornaments, money, lamps, and so on—have been found in the ruins of the two cities that they fill a museum at Naples which is devoted entirely to them.

The other great European volcano, Mount Etna, has had fewer serious eruptions than Vesuvius; but it has worked an enormous amount of destruction. Scientific men believe that it is becoming gradually extinct.

The view of the mountain from the sea is superb. The lower portions are covered with luxuriant vegetation, but the top, despite the fires which burn beneath, is covered with snow. Sometimes when there has been a furious eruption this snow has been melted by the heat, and has flowed down in a boiling stream into the valleys below, where it has killed every living thing.

Famous as are the two Italian volcanoes, they are comparatively insignificant by the side of those in the region of the Equator.

Probably the highest volcano in the world is Chimborazo, in the Andes; the next highest is Cotopaxi, which is higher than Vesuvius and Mont Blanc put the one on the top of the other.

From the city of Quito, the lovely capital of the Republic of Ecuador, twelve out of the seventeen volcanoes of the Equator can be seen.

Cotopaxi is the most striking of them all, its crest covered with snow, and its crater constantly vomiting smoke and flame. Of all the volcanoes of which we have any record, this has been the most destructive. During the last century it experienced several terrible eruptions.

On one occasion the eruption was so violent that every living thing within twelve miles in one direction was destroyed; the snow on the summit was dissolved, and running into the crater, the water was thrown up boiling.

FIRE-PROOF INDIANS.—A gentleman who has recently been traveling in New Mexico and Arizona gives the following interesting and graphic sketch of the "Hash-kawn Dance," which he had witnessed at one of the Navajo agencies. It took place in a large enclosure of an irregularly circular form, about forty paces in diameter. Its fences, about eight feet high, were constructed of fresh juniper and pinon boughs. In the centre was a conical pile of dry wood, about twelve feet high, which was to make the great central fire. Around this, a few feet from the fence, a dozen smaller fires were burning for the comfort and convenience of the spectators, who numbered about five hundred men, women, and children, gathered here from various parts of the Navajo country.

The fire dance was the most picturesque and startling of all. Some time before the dancers entered I heard strange sounds, mingled with the blowing of the buffalo horn. The sounds were much like the call of the sandhill crane, and may, perhaps, be properly called "trumpeting," and they were made by the dancers constantly during the exercises. The noises continued to grow louder and come nearer, until we heard them at the opening in the east, and in a moment after men, having no more clothing on than a breechclout, entered. Every man bore a long, thick bundle of shredded cedar bark in each hand, except the leader, who carried four smaller fagots of the same material. Four times they all danced round the fire, waving their bundle of bark towards the flame; then they halted in the east; the leader advanced towards the central fire, lighting one of his little fagots, and, trumpeting loudly, threw it over the fence of the enclosure in the east. He performed a similar act at the south, the west, and the north; but before the northern brand was thrown he lit with it the fagots of his comrades. As each brand disappeared over the fence some of the spectators blew into their hands, and made a motion as if tossing some substance after the flame.

When the fagots were all lit the whole band began a wild dance round the fire. At first they kept close together and spat upon one another some substance of supposed medicinal virtue. Soon they scattered and ran, apparently without concert, the rapid racing causing the brands to throw out long, brilliant streamers of flame over the naked hands and arms of the dancers. They then proceeded to apply the brands to their own nude bodies and the bodies of their comrades in front of them—no man ever once turning round.

At times, the dancer struck the victim vigorous blows with his flaming wand, again he seized the flame as if it were a sponge, and, creeping close to the one pursued, rubbed the back of the latter for several moments, as if he were bathing him. In the meantime the sufferer would catch up with some one in front of him, in turn, and bathe him in flame.

At times, when a dancer found no one in front of him, he proceeded to "sponge" his own back, and might keep this up while making two or three circuits round the fire, or until he overtook some one else. At each application of the blaze the loud trumpetings were heard, and it often seemed as if a flock of a hundred cranes were winging their way overhead, southward, through the darkness. If a brand became extinguished it was lit again in the central fire, but when it was so consumed as to be no longer held conveniently in the hand, the dancer dropped it, and rushed trumpeting out of the enclosure.

Thus one by one they all departed, and the spectators stepped into the arena, picked up the fascicles of the fallen fragments of bark, lit them, and bathed their hands in the flames as a charm against the evil efforts of fire.

"Were they not blistered?" we asked.

"They were not hurt in the least," was the answer. "I believe they were protected by a coating of earth or clay paint. That, however, did not make the effect any less strange. I have beheld many fire scenes on the stage, many acts of fire eating and fire handling by civilized jugglers, and many fire dances by other Indian tribes, but nothing quite comparable to this. The scenic accessories were unique. Demons scourging lost souls, with the eternal fire could scarcely be pictured to look more awful."

EVERY vice fights against virtue.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY J. E. R.

When last thy pleasant face I saw, a calmness filled my heart,
And present bliss was so complete that fancy would not part
With its image of the future, though its prospect looked so drear,
When thou wouldst go, depriving me of all I held so dear.

With childlike grace and innocence I've seen thy features beam,
When side by side in simple faith we dreamt our fairy dream,
That in after years, despite of change, in sympathy and truth,
Maturity would still confirm the feeling of our youth.

I miss thy face—I miss thy hand—yet love of thee remains;
Affection firmly keeps her seat and binds my soul in chains;
Thy memory serves to teach me that the world has joy to give,
For those who, loving faithfully, in hopeful spirit live.

Oh! good the lesson I have learnt, to live in patient pride
With ever-present earnest love for my enduring guide;
For though Fate takes away from us the faithful and the kind,
Life's beacon-star is left us while remembrance stays behind.

"BELLS, BELLS, BELLS."

Who invented bells? History saith not; but that bells were invented at a very early period, no doubt at all exists.

When the ceremonial law was given to Moses, and the dresses of the priests were appointed, the golden bells which adorned them were one of their peculiar characteristics.

At Athens the bells of the Temple of Proserpine notified the hour of sacrifice; the Shah of Persia has golden bells upon his robes of state.

Prefixed to a manuscript copy of the Psalms, of the fourteenth century is a representation of King David playing upon five bells, which are arranged before him, and which he is supposed to be striking with two small hammers which he holds in his hands.

In Greece, bells were used to announce the opening of the markets, they were also used by the Greeks as a military signal; they were suspended from the triumphal chariot of a Greek conqueror; they were hung round the neck of a condemned criminal; they were sounded as a corpse was borne to the tomb. It is said that Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, was the first to introduce church-bell ringing.

There are on record many curious facts about bells being presented to Christian churches and monastic houses by pious benefactors; about bells being duly christened and called particular names; and about the influence they were supposed to exert in scaring away evil spirits. "Evil spirits that are in the region of the air," says Wynkyn de Worde, "fear much when they hear the bells ring; and this is the reason why the bells are rung when it thunders, and when great storms, and tempests, and outrages of weather happen; to the end that fiends and wicked spirits should be abashed, and flee away and cease from working tempests."

Ingulphus mentions that the Abbot of Croyland gave a great bell to the church of that abbey, which was duly christened by the name of Guthlac; that he afterwards added to it six others, baptized respectively by the names—Bartholomew and Bethelin, Tusketal and Tatwin, Pega and Bega.

Church bells are now universally employed; they are rung for divine service, rung at weddings, and on the occasion of public rejoicings and memorable anniversaries; they ring the old year out and the new year in; they mark, with mournful monotone, deaths and burials.

At some churches special evenings are devoted to the ringing of the bells; and short touches, and bob triples, and bob-majors, and grandsire bob caters, awaken the neighborhood with their noisy glee.

Very graphic is the description which Victor Hugo has given of the effect produced by listening to the bells of all the churches of a great city ringing together. "At first," he says, "the sounds are distinct from each other, moving from church to church, like musicians before they strike off. Suddenly, see—for at times the ear may be said to possess the power of sight—rising at the same instant from every tower a column of sound—a vapor of harmony! At first, the vibration of each bell mounts clear, pure, and, as it were, isolated into the delightful morning sky; increasing little by little, the sounds combine, mingle, efface each other, and unite in one magnificent concert. It is now a mass of sonorous vibrations, which are ceaselessly disengaged from innumerable bells, floating, undulating, bounding, rushing like a whirlwind over the town, and prolonging the deafening circle of its oscillations far beyond the horizon."

Longfellow makes his Strasburg Friar cease his discussion when the bells begin to chime:

"For the bells themselves are best of preachers;
Their brazen lips are learned teachers.
From their pulpits of stone in the upper air
Sounding aloft without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpet under the law,
Now a sermon, and now a prayer."

Edgar Allan Poe has rung the changes on the bells better, perhaps, than any man: The silver bells that tinkle on the sledges; the golden bells that in their harmony foretell a world of happiness; the brazen bells that scream out their terror in a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire; the iron bells, rolling a stone on the human heart; and wedding-bells, from out of whence—

"Sounding cells!
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells—
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells!—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!"

Grains of Gold.

Any truth, faithfully faced, is strength in itself.

The first and worst of all fraud is to cheat one's self.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

While conscience is our friend, all is peace. But, if once offended, farewell the tranquil mind!

Religion is dominion of the soul. It is the hope of life, the anchor of safety, the deliverance from evil.

"If you say To-morrow, Pharaoh said it; and the last we heard of him he was at the bottom of the Red Sea."

That happy state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which we can say, "I have enough," is the highest attainment of philosophy.

Many things rightly claim our attention; but none of them will receive it aright if our thoughts wander aimlessly from one to another without a guide.

A dogmatical spirit inclines a man to be censorious of his neighbors. Every one of his opinions appears to him written, as it were, with sunbeams.

One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot and a cast-away.

It should be the aim of every one to be employed. If all men and women were kept at some useful employment, there would be less sorrow and wickedness in the world.

The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests, just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our hearts.

None are truly happy but those who are busy; for real happiness lies only in useful work of some kind, either of the hand or the head, so long as over-exertion of either is avoided.

There are two things, each of which he will seldom fail to discover who seeks for it in earnest; the knowledge of what he ought to do, and a plausible pretext to do what he likes.

In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than procure admiration. Keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly, with respect to time and place.

Waste no time in cherishing vain dreams, indulging idle speculations, or in giving way to depressing emotions, but resolutely throw them off, and engage in whatever actual work appears most pressing and important.

To cultivate the humane and benevolent feelings is not a more pleasant privilege to avail ourselves of at pleasure; it is an obligation resting upon us all, without the fulfilment of which any claim to justice, even in outward conduct, falls to the ground.

What soothes suffering, what sanctions labor, what makes a man good, strong, wise, patient, benevolent, just, and at the same time humble and great, worthy of liberty, is to have before him the perpetual vision of a better world casting its rays through the darkness of this life.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after happiness like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat, while it is in his hand or on his head.

Suspension of judgment at certain times should be sedulously cultivated. When we remember how frequently complex conditions are involved, and how difficult it is to understand and appreciate those conditions, and to accord to each its proportionate value, we may well pause and reflect before committing ourselves to judgments which may prove to be wrong.

Femininities.

There are 217,000 women householders in England.

A 15-year-old girl burglar is in jail at Alliance, Ohio.

Lavender and orris-root are the fashionable perfumes in New York.

A $50 bridal hand-bouquet in New York was of delicately-tinted lilacs.

The latest novelty in purses in Paris is a baby's boot crocheted in silk.

It is the woman unhappily married who would recall her Miss spent life.

Kate Cain and Lizzie Abell have been arrested in New York for burglary.

"Wanted in Garfield County—609 girls for wives," says a Glenwood, Col., paper.

Thimbles lined with India rubber are among the latest things in the notion trade.

Women, according to an English publication, should never gamble, as they do not know how to lose.

The secret of Boston's superiority lies in the fact that she has eighteen thousand more women than men.

According to an eminent medical journal, every farmer wears out, on the average, two wives in his lifetime.

A Brooklyn court has given $500 damages to a woman whom another woman had called a "Shanghai hen!"

A resident of La Camas, Oregon, sued to recover 20 cents due on a board bill, and recovered it at an expense of $34.50.

"I carry a raiser," remarked a ferocious-looking woman, as she pulled a rubber bottle on a helpless baby in her arms.

Wedding favors are now sold consisting of handsome slippers filled with rice, to be thrown after the departing bridal couple.

Queen Victoria has caused a great deal of wrangling among the members of her family by giving Beatrice all her costly old lace.

A poor little eight-year-old girl of Westminster, Conn., goes to the reform school for 13 years for hitting a woman with an apple.

At Lowell, Mass., five girls of eleven or twelve years of age have been arrested for getting drunk and fighting in a vacant lot near the Merrimac River.

Feminine hand-writing is no longer of the spider-legged sort, but quite clerkly. "This," says a Parisian, "will take the romance out of love-letters."

A cloth for the dining-table is made of velours and embroidered with clusters of golden oranges and lemons in the midst of green leaves along the border.

An American girl wears a big bouquet in her belt, while a Hindoo maiden wears a big brass ring in her nose. It amounts to the same thing—each has her nose-gay.

A Rochester, N. Y., woman has been awarded two thousand dollars, the assessed value of her husband's affections, which had been alienated from her by another woman, defendant in the case.

A woman at North Danville, Va., gave to the building of a local church until her last dollar was expended, and then, work having come to a stop, presented the church fund with her horse and buggy.

Pennsylvania, at her recent fair in this city, offered several prizes in "a dressmaking contest." In all there were eight prizes, seven of which were won by young ladies. This ought to be encouraging to young men.

Ladies' bustles are used so extensively as a means of smuggling, that the Bernese customs officers have published a notice declaring that "these appendages must henceforth be searched, though with the necessary politeness."

Last year a young lover in Colusa county, Cal., shot himself simply because his sweetheart had refused him. He recovered from the wound, however, and now the young woman has killed herself because he refused to marry her.

It is said that there is now in London, Eng., a woman who earns a livelihood by skilfully filling up wormholes in old books, each leaf being separately and patiently dealt with, the material being chewed, or "pulped," and pressed into the hole.

A new use has been discovered for professional beauties in California. Instead of going on the stage or engaging in dime exhibition contests, they travel around the coast with ventures of patent female beautifiers, who palm them off on the natives as examples of the worth of their wares.

St. Louis young lady: "I called on Mrs. S. this afternoon, and what do you think I saw on her ebony parlor-table?" Mother—"I have no idea." St. Louis young lady—"A volume of Shakspeare's 'Paradise Lost,' bound in dark blue. Think of it! Dark blue against an ebony background!"

A Buffalo woman's pet canary was killed by a rat, so she caught the destroyer, put it in the cage, and starved it to death, rousing it up from time to time with a red-hot knitting-needle, or a squirt of vitriol. When, after six days of agony, the rat was dead, she wept because it could be tortured no longer.

A woman in La Grange, Ga., was feeding her Plymouth Rock chickens the other day, when her wedding-ring slipped from her finger, and was gobbled up by one of the fowls, she doesn't know which. As she doesn't care to lose the ring nor sacrifice her flock of chickens, the loser is in a quandary what to do.

Clara (in carriage with horses running away): "Do you think you can stop them with one hand, George?" George (with teeth set): "I don't th-think I c-can s-stop them; but I c-can k-keep them in the r-road." Clara (with perfect confidence): "Very well, try it for another mile, and then if they don't stop, use both hands."

Masculinities.

A man 72 years of age has applied for a divorce in Albany, Oregon.

A Massachusetts inventor beat all previous records last week by taking out forty-four patents.

Evangelist Sam Jones claims, during his campaign at St. Joseph, Mo., to have converted 25,000 people, including 1,000 children.

In a Western town, the other day, Mr. Dunn was married to Miss Wright, and all the papers went and put "Dunn Wright" over the account of the wedding.

Pearls are no longer unlucky jewels for presents, but a ban has been pronounced against emeralds and sapphires, which, it will be noted, are more expensive.

"I do not think that hard work ever killed anyone," says Joseph Chamberlain, the hard-working British M. P., "and I doubt if it has ever injured many."

Ultra stylish hats and gloves for men come in mustard-brown shades and quaint British shapes, resembling those worn by the typical drivers of Irish jaunting-cars.

The food, water and air which a man receives amount in the aggregate to more than 3,000 pounds a year; that is about a ton and a half, or more than twenty times his weight.

The man who thought he could learn to make boots by swallowing sherry cobblers, has just got out a work in which he attempts to prove that by eating hops you will acquire a knowledge of waltzing.

A small son of a Raleigh man, when asked if he was not very much frightened when the lightning struck his father's house, replied: "No; de Lord wasn't gwine to hurt me. It was daddy He was after."

The manager of the medical museum in New York told, at a recent Faith Convention, how his wife had been cured of pleuro-pneumonia by prayer, but stated that he believed in using medicines as an aid to prayer.

A wine merchant in Hamburg has bequeathed $1,000 a year, the interest of his capital, to the baldest man in the city, with the proviso that should a man turn up with no hair at all on his head, he is to take the entire capital.

A young clothing clerk who advertised for pleasant rooms, heated by steam, and suitable for a young man who wants to be near the city, received a letter the other day to call at a certain place. He sought out the number promptly, and found it was the jail.

A merchant invited a rustic friend to join him in ice cream. On entering a saloon the merchant, when about to take his seat at one of the marble-covered tables, was astonished to hear his rural companion exclaim, in trembling tones: "Don't let's eat off them tombstones."

A white man from the southern part of Florida recently went to Gainesville, says a public journal of that place, and there saw, for the first time in his life, a lump of ice. He put a half-pound piece in his pantaloons pocket to show his family when he got home, but he soon took it out again.

A judge was called on in China, recently, to decide between two mothers as to whom belonged an infant. He drew a chalk ring on the ground, placed the baby in the centre, and told the women whoever dragged it out must be the owner. One, from affection, declined to pull at the child, and was awarded it.

By a vote at the Mauch Chunk soldiers' monument fair, the editor of a paper there was declared to be "the ugliest man" in that town, receiving 395 votes. The competition was exceedingly spirited, and added largely to the monument fund. This, however, is an honor that is likely to be conferred on few editors.

One of the new members of the Georgia Legislature kept quietly in his seat for three hours on his first day in the house, and then timidly approaching a doorkeeper, said, in a whisper: "I—I—I say, I'd like to get out, if—if you don't k-keer—I—I won't be gone but about ten minutes." The doorkeeper let him out.

In Paris, the other day, a policeman stopped a runaway horse. Immediately afterward a well-dressed man came up out of breath, and after thanking him, jumped on the horse, and rode away at a gallop. The real owner soon made his appearance, and was rather crestfallen to learn that a clever thief had forestalled him.

Male choirs are in favor in New York. "It's in the air," said the organist and choir-master of an up-town church, recently, "this male choir business. St. Ann's, in Brooklyn, is the latest to fall into line, but there are a half dozen congregations which will begin this Fall their first experiences in the chorus choir of male voices."

The young ladies of Hastings, Ky., have solemnly resolved not to go with any young man who smokes, chews, swears or drinks. It is such movements as this that drive young men to tobacco. With the money he saves on concert and theatre tickets, sleigh rides, church fairs, and ice cream, the young man can buy a horse and spend every summer at the seashore.

When Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, was flourishing in politics, over forty years ago, he was elected president of a big mass meeting in his county, and "three cheers for Lewis" were proposed and given with a vim. But some darkies who were acting as servants on the platform, understood the proposition to mean "three chairs," which they immediately produced, Mr. Lewis being a very large man—the largest ever in the United States Senate, David Davis by no means excepted.

Mr. I. Linton, Assistant Civil Engineer of the Cleveland & Pittsburg Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in lately renewing his wife's subscription to THE POST, pleasantly writes us: "* * * I may be permitted to say that, boy and man, THE POST has been in my father's house, and mine, since 1830. I was then in my 13th year, so you will see we have grown old together; yet, through all our mutual changes, you have ever been kindly welcomed." THE POST heartily appreciates its old friend's sentiments, and hopes the acquaintance may yet continue many, many years.

Saved By a Dream.

BY PERCY VERE.

DREAMS, which are so fantastically strange, at times possess the prescient power.

There are many wonderful instances of this latter on record, the following, as told in a contemporary, being a case in point—

A good many years ago a farmer named Silas Austin, living in rather a wild and thinly populated region, sold out his possessions, in the latter part of winter, for the sum of ten thousand dollars.

The deed was duly executed, and the amount paid him in specie, with a verbal agreement that he need not remove his family until the ensuing spring.

He deposited the money in the bed he slept on, and set out on a journey to the metropolis, with a view of making another purchase.

"I shall be so lonely, with our two little children!" said his wife; "and then, if anything should happen!"

"Pshaw!" he replied; "what do you fear?"

"I don't know," she sighed; "I feel timid; I fear something will go wrong. I'm afraid I sha'n't see you again."

"Nonsense, Hannah!"

"And then, Silas, you know we have so much money in the house!"

"Ay, that's it," he returned, with a laugh. "Poor people are brave enough until they get a little cash. Now, you see, my dear, I'll be safe, because I sha'n't have the money with me, and you because nobody will know you've got it."

"There are persons who know you've received it."

"The man that bought the place?"

"Yes, and others."

"Neighbors; perhaps; but you don't fear them, do you?"

"I don't know what I fear, Silas; but I feel very uneasy."

"Well, my dear, this is nothing but a whim; and if I remain at home for a whim, we'll soon be without a place to put our heads in. I must go and get another farm, but I'll not be away more than two or three weeks."

This decided, Mr. Austin took leave of his wife and children—the latter, two boys of four and six.

He went away, apparently, with a light heart, that his wife might not be depressed, but he afterwards confessed that he left with a good deal of uneasiness.

This increased as he went on, and when he reached the village where he was to take the stage-coach, he found himself so much influenced by a strange, mysterious dread of evil that he required all his reason to keep him to his resolution to go on.

Determined not to be turned by a chimerical idea, he paid his fare for one hundred miles, and went off in the first coach.

The roads were bad, the traveling was slow, and all the rest of that day and the following, and into the second night, he remained in the coach, only leaving to get his meals, and sleeping during the journey. On reaching his first destination, where he was to take a coach in another direction, he decided to remain over for twenty-four hours.

He soon after went to bed, and, being excessively fatigued, soon fell into a sound sleep.

He awoke some time in the middle of the night with a kind of start, as if something strange had touched him, and he experienced that peculiar sensation of fear which is sometimes produced by a bad dream that cannot be remembered, but which seems to have impressed its ill effects upon the one who dreamed it.

For a time, as is often the case when waking in a strange place, he was quite bewildered, and could not recollect where he was nor how he came there; but as soon as all became clear to him, his mind reverted to his beloved wife and children, and he felt such an indescribable longing for home that he resolved to return: but while pondering this matter he fell asleep and dreamed that he saw his own cottage in the thick gloom of night, and that while he looked upon it such a strange dread of something awful took possession of him that he shuddered as if suspended over some dark abyss.

Then he felt himself moved forward through the air, until he suddenly found himself in his own room, where his wife and children were asleep.

He fancied he tried to wake her, and yet could not speak.

Then he heard the sound of stealthy feet, and knew robbers were creeping in upon her—robbers with faces all painted black—and still he could not move, could not stir, could not scream out, nor warn his wife and children of impending death.

He was in terrible distress; it seemed as if the very air he breathed was impregnated with crime, and it choked him.

The steps came nearer; they stopped at the door; there was the noise of gentle force being used; and then the door swung back and disclosed two black faces, looking demoniac in the dim light.

The men advanced softly to the bed of the innocent sleepers; and in a few moments an eternity of torture was compressed in the bosom of the husband and father, who was forced to remain motionless and witness the death of all he loved.

They reach the bed; they lean over it; and then their sharp knives gleam with deadly poise.

One moment thus and then, as the knives flashed downward on their deadly mission, human nature broke out in a deadly shriek and Mr. Austin found himself awake.

"Thank Heaven it was but a dream!" he murmured.

For more than an hour he lay awake thinking over it, and congratulating himself that, after all, it was nothing but a nightmare.

Then he went to sleep, but only to dream the same thing over again. He slept no more; he felt as if the hand of Heaven was turning him homeward.

The next morning he rose early and went out.

He purchased a brace of pistols, powder and balls, loaded his weapons, and started for home.

Another long journey, during which he had but one terrible idea burning in his brain, and he reached home a little after eleven, and saw his house grim and silent in the darkness, as he saw it in his terrible dream.

There was a dreadful suspense until he heard the voice of his wife in answer to his knock.

His return was a pleasant surprise to his wife; but when she found he staggered into the room and then sank into her arms and then fell into the nearest seat, she became frightened.

"There is nothing the matter with me, hannah, except fatigue; but are you sure you're all well here?"

"Quite sure, Silas."

"Heaven be praised!" he rejoined; "for I've had two such painful dreams about you that I was almost afraid to come home! I suppose I've made a child of myself, but I am glad to know that my wild fancies have no foundation in fact."

"Perhaps they have yet; Heaven only knows, Silas."

What with talking and eating, it was past one o'clock when he went to bed. He had just begun to doze when he heard a light rasping sound as of a window being raised in the adjoining room.

At first he took no notice, but as he thought he heard footsteps, he sprang up in bed.

His wife was already asleep. He therefore got up softly, seized his pistols, and faced the door.

Then it was that he heard stealthy steps, and, to his horror, two human figures with black faces softly moved into the bedroom, each with a knife in his hand.

Was he sleeping? He pinched himself, rubbed his eyes, and felt he was awake to a vivid reality.

The robbers did not seem to see him; but with eyes fixed on the sleeping wife began to glide toward her, and thus came within reach of her protector.

Suddenly, with a pistol in each hand, the husband confronted them and before they had time to recover themselves there was a loud report, and both fell to the floor dead.

We pass over the wild scene that followed as the wife and children sprang up with cries of terror.

On washing the paint off their faces, they proved to be Mr. Austin's two nearest neighbors, who had come to kill his wife and children, and get the money that they believed to be in the dwelling which they would probably have fired, when done; to conceal their awful deed. He had been warned in a dream, his family saved, and the villains punished.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographies. But we don't always care most for those flat pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.

Time is a quality of which the value rises as long as we live.

A New King on the Throne!

"Malaria," as a "popular ailment," has given place to a new potentate.

If you have Rheumatism now, the medical wiseacres exclaim—"Uric Acid"!

If you have frequent headaches, they sagely remark—"Uric Acid"!

If you have softening of the brain, they insist that it is—"Uric Acid"!

If Sciatica or Neuralgia make life miserable, it is—"Uric Acid"?

If your skin breaks out in boils and Pimples, it is—"Uric Acid"!

If you have Abscesses and piles, "Uric Acid" has set your blood on fire.

If you have dull, languid feelings, backache, kidney or bladder troubles, gout, gravel, poor blood; are ill at ease, threatened with paralysis or apoplexy, vertigo; are bilious, dropsical, constipated or dyspeptic—"Uric Acid" is the key to the situation, the cause of all your difficulties!

We do not know as madam Malaria will take kindly to this Masculine Usurper, but he has evidently come to stay.

"Uric Acid,"—this Monster, is the product of the decomposition—death—constantly taking place within us, and unless he is every day routed from the system, though the kidneys, by means of some great blood specific like Warner's safe cure, which Senator B. K. Bruce says snatched him from its grasp, there is not the least doubt but that it will utterly ruin the strongest human constitution!

It is not a young fellow by any means. It has a long and well-known line of ancestors. It is undoubtedly the father of a very great family of diseases, and though it may be the fashion to ascribe progeny to it that are not directly its own, there can be little doubt that if it once gets thoroughly seated in the human system, it really does introduce into it most of the ailments now, per force of fashion, attributed to its baleful influence.

THE SEVEN SISTERS.

THE following legend appeared in a contemporary some years ago:

The locality which was the scene of the tragedy is the little village of Ballybunion, situated within a few miles of Kerry Head. The scenery around is of the most wild and most striking description.

Frowning, rugged cliffs, rising abruptly out of the water to the height of over one hundred feet, and perforated with numerous caves, into which the ocean rushes with fearful fury in winter—for it is a stormy coast, and rarely does a month pass without beholding some dead, putrified body washed ashore; while inland, a barren, uncultivated plain, consisting mostly of bog, stretches away to nearly the foot of the Reeks, which, looming in the distance, seem to rear their giant masses even to the sky, and form, as it were, an impenetrable barrier between the coast and the interior.

On the brink of one of these precipices we have mentioned there stands the ruins of a castle, apparently of great antiquity. Nothing now remains but the basement story, and that seems as if it would be able to withstand the war of winds and waves for hundreds of years longer.

According to the legend, this castle was inhabited by a gallant chieftain at the period of the Incursions of the Danes, and who was the father of seven blooming daughters.

He was himself a brave warrior, animated with the greatest hatred of the Ostmen, who, at that period, were laying every part of Erin waste.

His sword never rested in its shreath, and day and night his light galleys cruised about the coast on the watch for any piratical marauder who might turn his prow thither.

One day a sail was observed on the horizon; it came nearer and nearer, and the pirate standard was distinguished waving from its mast head.

Immediately surrounded by the Irish ships, it was captured after a desperate resistance.

Those who remained of the crew were slaughtered and thrown into the sea, with the exception of the captain and his six brothers, who were reserved for a more painful death.

Conveyed to the fortress, their wounds were dressed, and they were allowed the free range of the castle.

Here, gradually, a love sprang up between them and the seven Irish maidens, who yielded to their ardent protestations, and agreed to fly with them to Denmark. Everything was arranged for the voyage, and one fearfully stormy night in winter was chosen for the attempt.

Not a single star shone in the sky, the cold blast came sweeping from the ocean, the rain fell in torrents, and the water roared and raged with terrific violence amid the rocky caverns.

Escaping down from the battlement by a rope ladder, they discovered, to their horror, that on reaching the ground they were surrounded by armed men.

Not a word was uttered; but they knew in whose hands they had fallen.

Conducted again within the fortress, they found themselves face to face with their injured father.

One deadly glance of hatred he cast on the prisoners, and, muttering some few words to one of his attendants, he pointed toward his daughters.

The man, on receiving the command, recoiled a few paces, transfixed with horror, and then he advanced nearer, and seemed as if remonstrating with him.

But the parent's face assumed an absolutely maniac expression; and more peremptorily repeating his order, he stalked out of the room.

And now commenced a fearful scene. The lovers were torn from each other's arms, and the women were brought forth again.

The storm had grown more violent, and the spray was dashing far over the cliff, whilst the vivid flashes of lightning afforded a horrible illumination to the dreary scene.

Proceeding along the brink of the precipice, they at length came to a chasm which resembled somewhat the crater of a volcano, as it was completely closed, with the exception of the opening at the top, and one small aperture below, through which the sea rushed with terrible violence.

The rolling of the waters sounded fearfully on the ear of those around, and now at length the sisters divined their fate. One by one they were hurled into the boiling flood—one wild shriek, the billows closed again, and all was over.

What the fate of their lovers was the legend says not.

The old castle has crumbled into ruins—the chieftain sleeps in an unknown grave, his very name forgotten; but still the sad ending of the maidens is remembered, and even unto this day the cavern is denominated the "Cave of the Seven Sisters."

—J. CASSELL.

Louis XII. said that he had rather see his courtiers laugh at his avarice than his people weep at his extravagance; so a wise housekeeper will be willing that his friends shall respect his prudence rather than smile covertly at his ostentation.

People of sedentary habits, and all who are subject to constipation, can keep in good condition by a moderate use of Ayer's Pills—the surest, safest, and most reliable Cathartic.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma. DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,

AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any Inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Ready Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation; this simple but effective treatment will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient, and prevent what otherwise might be a serious disease. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver complaints, etc.

SCROFULA,

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

SKIN DISEASES,

Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and make it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, New York**, for "False and True."

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name RADWAY is on what you buy.

Recent Book Issues.

"Paper and Press," is the title of an elegantly printed and made-up monthly publication, issued in the interest of the paper and printing trades, by the Paper and Press Publishing Company, No. 27 S. 7th, street, this city. The October number besides being filled with very readable matter, is as beautiful a specimen of typography, paper and printing, as was ever issued in this country.

There are no lack of Short-hand methods of writing before the public, but all are by no means equally good. One of the best we have met—and which deserves in its way to stand beside Pitman's Phonography—is Lindsley's Hand-book of Takigraphy, or swift writing. While it mainly uses the symbols and signs common to the old systems of short-hand, it adapts them in a different, and by a skilful working in of the vowels, in some respects, a superior manner. We can highly commend this Hand-book to all who desire to acquire a ready and easily legible short-hand, without too much application or use of time. For lawyers, merchants, secretaries, clergyman, or the general taking of notes it is most excellent. Published and for sale by D. Kimball 83 Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Price $2.00.

Readers of the popular series of "Elsie books" by Martha Finley will be certainly pleased with the latest production of her pen "The Two Elsies." Like its predecessors it is marked by a strong religious feeling, and gives many a useful lesson in life and conduct in the course of its charming pages. The danger of too much worldliness whether in man or woman cannot be made too plain, and when the importance of avoiding it is given with the strength, but without the formality of a sermon, a great good is accomplished. Doing this is the mission of "The Two Elsies." Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Lippincott.

"Worth and Wooing," by Lady Gladys Hamilton, being No. Three of Petersons' new 25 cent series of charming novels, now being published by them, is just issued. For quality, neatness, popularity and cheapness this series is to be commended, being mostly charming love stories. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., Publishers.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

St. Nicholas for November appears in all the sunshine of its new cover, Apollo driving his chariot, designed by S. S. Smith. This birthday dress celebrates the opening of the thirteenth year of *St. Nicholas'* existence, and with this November issue begins Mrs. Burnett's story, Little Lord Fauntleroy, and the first portion of, New Bits of talk for Young Folks, by the late Mrs Helen Hunt Jackson. Miss Alcott contributes a very amusing fairy story of adventures in the Candy Country, where it never rained, but sometimes white-sugared. Mr. Stockton's, Personally Conducted visit to Rome. An exciting tale by H. H. Clark describes, Two Middies at Ephesus. A paper by Ella S. Welsh tells how to make thirty varieties of Home-made Christmas presents, with illustrations of them all, with instructions as guide for childish fingers to work by. The Century Co., New York.

The November *Popular Science Monthly* leads off with an illustrated article by T. W. Mather on the subject of Flying Machines. Modern Science and Modern Thought, is by S. Laing, M. P.; J. M. Keating discusses Twenty Years of Negro Education, very instructively. The first and principal portion of Sir Lyon Playfair's address before the British Association at Aberdeen is given on the Relations of Science to the Public Weal. Two Wonderful Instruments, by Albert Leffingwell, M. D., is an ingenious chapter in optics. A Free Colony in Lunatics, by Henry de Varigny, is a fresh and instructive account of the remarkable experiments at Gheel, in Belgium. Professor Grant Allen discourses charmingly on the rural subject of Clover, and John F. Hume offers some important points on The Art of Investing. One of the strongest articles in this number is by Professor C. A. Eggart, of the Iowa University, on The Problem of Higher Education. The Motor Centers and the Will, is a very able paper, by Dr. Horsley, on one of the most subtle problems of physiological psychology. There is a biography of President Playfair, with a portrait and an unusually copious and varied mass of information in the several departments. This number is one of more than usual interest and strength. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

AT JERUSALEM.—A carriage road is to be made from Jerusalem to the ruins made at Jericho by the blast of Joshua's rams' horns. A small modern village now stands near the ruins, which are sunk 1200 feet below the sea level in a well-watered, but dreadfully hot valley. A shrine near the road is a monastery at the very cave in which Elijah is said to have been fed by the ravens. The monastery is literally hung on to the face of the precipice, and consists of a series of cells and a hall supported on vaults through which lies the entrance. A few Greek monks live like birds perched on the edge of a nest in this singular abode, to which a chapel pinnacled on a rock is attached.

I'M one of the oldest horse-shoers in the town, and I have used your Salvation Oil for cracked heels, mange, and sand cracks with horses, and gives perfect satisfaction and does the work every time.
CHAS. W. LEE,
414 W. Baltimore Street, Balto., Md.

Humorous.

THE VISITOR.

There goes the bell. A visitor, I guess,
And I'm a fright, and haven't time to dress.
H'm! Mrs. Gossip, from across the way;
What put it in her head to call to-day?
To see what she can see—that's all, no doubt;
That woman's nothing but a gad-about;
I hate her with her supercilious airs—
* * * * * *
That horrid girl is bringing her upstairs;
'Tis Mrs. Gossip, I declare; "why this
Is quite a pleasure, I am sure. (A kiss.)
So kind of you to call—'tis quite a treat;
Let me remove your shawl—pray take a seat.
We're all upset this morning, it is true,
But we can always find a seat for you.
Pray don't apologize—there is no need;
I'm very glad you've called—I am, indeed."
—B. C.

High-toned—A fife.

In a trying position—A judgeship.

The first thing in a boot is the last.

Dearer than life—Fashionable funerals.

Beats the world—The impecunious tramp.

A polished delivery—Cuffs and collars from the laundry.

An open question—"Will you give me a dozen oysters on the half-shell?"

Question for debating clubs—"Can a man, while asleep in the daytime, have the nightmare?"

"What is ease?" asks a philosopher. Ease is a thousand dollar salary and a hundred dollar job.

Why is a little boy learning the alphabet like a postage-stamp? Because he gets stuck on the letters.

A young man calls his sweetheart "rare opportunity," because she is worthy of being embraced.

The latest case of singularity of conduct recorded is that of a man who dyed for the benefit of his hairs.

It is a proverb that you cannot give a thing and keep it. Still, if you give your promise, you are expected to keep that, you know.

Professor Kerosi announces that rich people live longer than poor people. It may be observed that the inducements are stronger.

Sober passenger, angrily: "Look where you step, man!" Tipsy passenger, apologetically: "Y-yes, I do; the tr-trouble is lo—blo—step where I look."

An exchange says: "A heavier boot than sold last year is destined to have a good market." When you hear the old gentleman coming downstairs, young man, think of this fact and tremble.

"Mister, will you please give me money to buy some medicine with? My wife is very sick." "What's the matter with her?" "Well, you see I hit her with a shovel last night, and she's very bad off to-day."

There is said to be a boarding-house keeper in this city so mean that after the boarders have performed their morning ablutions, the water is taken downstairs, washed, and brought back for use the next day.

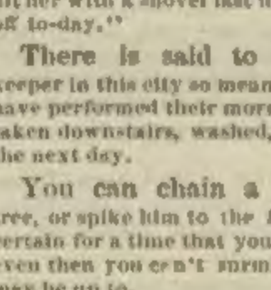
You can chain a boy to a well-rooted tree, or spike him to the floor, and feel moderately certain for a time that you know where he is; but even then you can't surmise what new devilment he may be up to.

"Have you heard about Blicker?" "No; what's up now?" "They say he's struck natural gas." "Natural gas! Well, I should think so! He's married a widow who talked three men to death before she was forty."

A new tenor was lately criticised favorably in a London paper, but the notice wound up with the astonishing intelligence: "He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, so that society will for some time be freed from the infliction of his presence." This extraordinary assertion was simply owing to the fact that an end of a trial had been "lifted" and mistakenly shifted to the bottom of the notice of the tenor.

Young Men!--Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to those afflicted with nervous debility, and all kindred troubles. Also very efficient for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.



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Homeopathic Veterinary Specifics for
HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY.
Used by U. S. Governm't.
Chart on Rollers, and Book Sent Free.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

A Prize Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world; fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. True & Co. Augusta Me

AGENTS! CANVASSERS, ETC. Our inducements to Agents to take orders for COPYING AND ENLARGING PHOTOS. are unequaled. Send for catalogue and see. W. I. BENNETT & CO., Auburn, N. Y.

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To any person who will show it to their neighbors, act as our agent and send orders. Give your nearest express and Post Office address. Address CONN. MANFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

THE BEST

boon ever bestowed upon man is perfect health, and the true way to insure health is to purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. Eliza A. Clough, 34 Arlington st., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Every winter and spring my family, including myself, use several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Experience has convinced me that, as a powerful

Blood

purifier, it is very much superior to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla. All persons of scrofulous or consumptive tendencies, and especially delicate children, are sure to be greatly benefited by its use." J. W. Starr, Luconia, Iowa, writes: "For years I was troubled with Scrofulous complaints. I tried several different preparations, which did me little, if any, good. Two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure. It is my opinion that this medicine is the best blood

Purifier

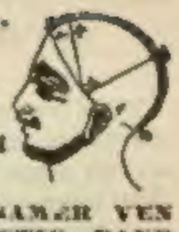
of the day." C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H., writes: "For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and unable to obtain relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have taken several bottles, am greatly benefited, and believe it to be the best of blood purifiers." R. Harris, Creel City, Ramsey Co., Dakota, writes: "I have been an intense sufferer, with Dyspepsia, for the past three years. Six months ago I began to use

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It has effected an entire cure, and I am now as well as ever."

Sold by all Druggists.
Price $1; Six bottles, $5.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

R. DOLLARD.
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From level head back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from nervous debility, weakness of body and mind, loss of memory, mental and physical exhaustion.—I will send you a valuable treatise upon the above diseases, also directions for home cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will GIVE AWAY 5,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey St., N. Y.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $75. per Month and Expenses. Canvassing outfit and particulars FREE. STANDARD SILVER-WARE CO., Boston, Mass.

NEW MUSIC Rhada, Puritan, See-Saw, & Mycenia Waltzes; Rhada & Dream Faces Songs; Sweet Long Ago & Don't Leave Your Mother, Tom, Chorusses; Grant's Funeral & Cleveland's Marches, 15c. each, or the ten (worth $1.50) for $1.00. Catalogues Free. F. TRIFET, 338 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Man Wanted SALARY $75 to $100 for our business in his locality. Responsible house. References exchanged. GAY BROS., 12 Barclay St., N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

CAN vassers wanted. People's Encyclopædia. Send 25 cents for outfit at once. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, 113 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONS wanted to do writing at their homes; good pay; send 10c. for paper, etc., to J. H. NICHOLSON, 83 Clinton Place, New York.

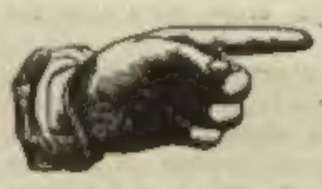
120 NEW SCRAP PICTURES and 48 New Chromo and Gold Scrap Cards sent Postpaid for 10 cts. CENTERBROOK CARD CO., Centerbrook, Ct.

156 New Scrap Pictures and 5 Fancy Cards (new) mailed for 10c. Essex Card Works, Ivoryton, Ct

50 Chromo, Gold Scrap, Ivory Fringe, &c., Cards sent postpaid for 6c. Conn. Steam Card Works, Hartford Ct.,

100 Fine Cards and Scrap Pictures and elegant finger Ring 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

33 Photos of Female Beauties 10c, sure to suit, 11, cat. 2c. Gem Agency, Orleans, Ind



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Two Grand OLEOGRAPHS

Magnificent Art Works! Companion Masterpieces!

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS"

—AND—

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER,"

12X16 INCHES IN SIZE, FOR THIRTY CENTS.

We offer the readers of THE POST at thirty cents in cash or postage stamps for the pair—costs of packing, mailing, etc., included, the two above mentioned art works, from the pencil of the famous American Artist, Thomas Moran.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" depicts the glory of the Eastern Landscape; "THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" depicts the glory of the West.

☞THEY ARE NOT CHEAP CHROMOS.☜

It will be distinctly understood that these unique works of art are not cheap, gaudily-colored chromos. They are perfect imitations of the finest oil and water colors. They have no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cheap chromos and colored lithographs now so common; but they are really SOLID WORKS OF ART, and cannot fail to so impress every lover of the beautiful, and every one who takes the least interest in HOUSEHOLD DECORATION, for they would ornament any room, and lend grace to any wall, however humble.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" represents a grand effect of misty mountain landscape, and is full of brooding storm and the wild ruggedness of nature.

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" is all sunshine, light, warmth and mellowness, hanging over the mystic stream, and is an efficient contrast, yet a perfect companion, to the other.

No description could do them full justice. We venture to say that finer specimens of the oleographic art have never been produced, while for cheapness they are unparalleled. The originals from which these pictures have been painted are valued at $25,000. The number of copies is limited, and we advise all those wishing a couple of pictures that in every essential respect may be regarded an oil painting, to apply at once. Address

THE PHILADELPHIA OLEOGRAPH CO., 726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Woollen materials and woollen ornaments are being employed for all the most stylish chapeaux; very curious novelties in both have been lately introduced, and we may therefore expect a great deal of originality in our headgear, for shapes as well as materials are undergoing great changes. Amongst the novel trimmings are woollen braids, very curious in make, and intended solely for the ornamentation of chapeaux. Felt bonnets are trimmed with bands and bows of braid in the same color; the strings, however, are of ribbon, braid being too stiff and harsh for this purpose. Many shapes are made of an open network of jet or other beads; and the woollen trimmings will be frequently relieved by jet ornaments; birds with wide, outstretched wings, and a variety of handsome ornaments, being composed entirely of jet.

The carving of these jet ornaments is now brought to a high standard of perfection, but the beauty of workmanship naturally renders them expensive, and they are therefore reserved for rather costly chapeaux.

A new material for millinery purposes is velvet studded with nails in jet or steel; the points of the nails, not the heads, appear on the surface, and we are threatened with cheaper materials studded with imitation tin tacks, a mode that savors of the carpenter rather than of the modiste.

Small capotes, with a rounded or bouillonne crown, have the ornaments rising high in front, and these in many instances consist of two birds, one on either side of a tall aigrette of loops of ribbon.

Fancy ornaments, such as leaves unknown to botanists, feathers that no ornithologist would recognise, and other wonders of the millinery art, are all dusted over with a kind of velvet powder, termed "poudre laine." Fancy pins are daily growing in richness and artistic value. Gold nets and gold laces are making way for fine woollen embroideries so exquisite is this embroidery, that it is hard to believe that such delicacy of work and color can be produced by so commonplace a material as wool.

Embroidered ganzes, as these lovely fabrics are called, are chiefly made in shades of granite and a gray shade of blue; blue will be indeed a fashionable color during the coming season, and a capote, of which the brim is composed of blue velvet and the crown of embroidered gauze, ornamented with birds and fancy pins, is one of the most youthful and graceful chapeaux that can be worn.

Felt bonnets and hats are embroidered in satin stitch with silk, wool and chenille, the embroidery is worked in shades of the same color as the felt and ornaments the brim, which is cut out in large deep scallops.

Besides the real and fancy birds so much used as trimmings, hats will be frequently ornamented with genuine ostrich feathers. Nature, in these long, graceful plumes, surpasses in beauty anything that can be supplied by art, even when this is guided by the greatest taste and consummate skill.

The redingote, modified and ornamented in various ways, is the favorite type for long mantles; but there are, besides these redingotes, long mantles of many shapes, generally rather plain at the back.

A great number of the new models are ornamented at the waist and on the shoulders with plaques of wooden beads. The beads are of medium size, and are made of boxwood, varnished with a colorless varnish which polishes them without altering their natural color.

Mantelets and pelerines are finished off with hoods in a narrow pointed shape that lies flat on the shoulders; they are lined with silk in some contrasting color, and the pelerines are always convenient little vetements, and in some instances very elegant also.

They are generally made of the same material as the dress they accompany, but a great many pelerines and mantelets are made of figured materials, such as remnants of old. Cashmere shawls, striped fabrics, and those which are figured with antique designs; materials with a colored border on one side make up well as mantelets, the border forming a trimming down the straight fronts.

Jackets are made short, loose in front, and a little longer here than at the back. These are made of cloth, and pelerines with a serious of capes one over the other are also made of cloth; vetements of this kind are untrimmed, but the mantelets made of silk and woollen materials in Oriental patterns, of rich corded ottoman, and of plain velvet, are very handsomely trimmed with passementerie.

A pretty costume of lace over silk is made thus. The lace tunic falls low on the right side, but is gracefully draped high up on the left. The corsage is of lace over faille, and is trimmed with lace in a novel manner. The back is finished off with a pleated triangular basque of lace joined on to the point of the corsage under a jet ornament. A similar triangular pleating falls below the point of the corsage in front, and a third pleating covers the chest, the point falling nearly to the waist; both these are ornamented with jet motifs, and similar motifs are placed on the shoulders as epaulets.

The collar is of pleated lace, and the puffed sleeves are finished off with velvet bands matching the wide velvet sash. Striped materials, either with like many colored stripes, are very fashionable. The mode of bands or moire alternating with bands of etamine reappears for autumn wear in the new woollen fabrics that are striped with moire bands of various widths, in the same color as the woollen material, or in another color harmonising with it.

Striped silks, and velvets with shaded stripes, are also worn, but all these fabrics are employed for the skirt only, the corsage and tunic, or what is more fashionable still, the polonaise, being composed of plain material.

Polonaises are made in more ways than it is possible to enumerate, but the variations depend chiefly on the method in which the draperies are arranged,

Two special types are, however worth noting, as they excel many others in elegance, and in practical qualities also. The first of these polonaises is cut like a Princess dress at the back, and has a straight skirt in front fastened very far back on one side; the front in slightly draped under long loops and ends of wide woollen braid placed where the diagonal fastening of the corsage ends. The side of the corsage which crosses over the other is ornamented by a trimming of braid, or with a single revers.

Another type of polonaise, intended for morning or evening wear, is made slightly open at the neck in a point, a draped fichu of the same material following the line of the opening. The two ends of this drapery meet and cross at the waist under a band fastened by a clasp or buckle, and the part at the shoulders is either pleated or gauged. The opening is filled in with a small plastron of velvet, if the dress is worn during the day, and with a plastron of lace, embroidery, or pleated crepe de Chine for evening wear.

This is one of the many economical arranggements that the present modes permit A plastron of some description being the appendage of nearly all dresses, it is easy to alter this without giving the toilette the made-up appearance that is inconsistent with genuine elegance.

Black lace bodices are very much adopted for evening toilette, and are worn with skirts of all kinds; but the bodice must be stylishly made and trimmed, a plain, unadorned lace corsage being quite inadmissible. One pretty and convenient mode is to ornament a plain black silk bodice with a lace scarf draped from the shoulders and covering the whole of the bust, over which it is slightly puffed.

From the chest it is fixed flat on the bodice and is much narrower. At the back the two ends of the scarf form wide bretelles, crossed half-way down the back, and showing the upper part of the silk corsage.

Jet applique epaulets, and jet ornaments fastening down the plents of the fichu, complete the bodice. Panels, more fashionable than ever since the introduction of long tunics open on one side of the skirt, are of many shapes. They may be square, pointed, scalloped, bordered with revers, or pleated from top to edge; they must correspond in style with the rest of the dress however, in whatever manner they are made.

The tournure, a very important item of the toilette, is in a transition stage. As a rule it is becoming far more reasonable in size and shape, and is never allowed to be visible under the dress. With skirts or tunics falling in straight pleats from the waist, the tournure is discarded altogether, the cushion at the waist and a flounced jupon being all that is needed.

Domestic Economy.

THE SECRET OF SOUPS.

It is quite true that not one person in a score who could turn out a tureen of good thick soup would succeed in producing a passable bowl of the kind known as "clear," as, for one reason, it is seldom wanted at every-day tables, and the making of it supposed by the uninitiated to be associated with the expenditure of much time, trouble, and money.

As, however, it is very useful to know how to make clear soup (and when once the process is understood, a hundred varieties may be made from the same "stock"), I will endeavor to point out the simplest way, regard must be paid to cleanliness, clear fires, slow simmering, judicious seasoning, and the emptying of the stock-pot. But one exception must be made: viz, clear soup proper—this is bright as sherry—cannot be made from scraps, such as may be used for the thick kinds.

A thin soup can be produced from them: that is to say, an ordinary kind minus the thickening, though that is not clear soup in the strict sense of the word.

To commence, then, with the stock: once master that preliminary process, and it will be easy to vary the kinds of soup that may owe their foundation to the same source. For a very good stock a pound of meat to a pint of water must be allowed, or rather, I should say, a pound of meat and bones together—shin and beef for a brown soup and knuckle of veal for white

I may add that liquor in which a fowl or rabbit has been boiled will enrich the soup considerably if used instead of water.

As much of the meat as possible should be cut off the bone and very finely minced—the finer the better—and the bone itself thoroughly chopped, then the cold water added; and as three pounds of meat will take four or five hours' simmering to bring out all the goodness, an extra pint of water at least must be allowed for wasting, though any liquid that really does simmer wastes very little in a long time; it is the "galloping" process that causes the loss.

It is a matter of choice whether the vegetables and flavoring are boiled with the meat at first or reserved until next day, when the soup is clarified; in warm weather it is better to omit them the first day, but in cold they may be safely used. But only a portion must be put in—not sufficient to season the soup entirely, for unless some are reserved and boiled in the stock the second day it will not have a fresh taste.

I will presume, then, that your stock was made yesterday, strained, and left in an uncovered vessel in your larder all night, and that the soup is required for dinner to-day.

If so, treat it as follows; and remember, it must never be clarified until the day it is required, or it will turn "cloudy" again. First remove all the fat from the top; a spoon dipped in hot water will take off the greater part of it; for the remaining specks use the corner of a clean cloth, also wrung out of hot water. Take care, too, to wipe the inside of the basin as well as the surface of the soup, which ought to be a "jelly."

All impurities must also be taken from the bottom, and the soup put into a perfectly clean saucepan on the range with whatever flavorings are necessary, and the meat required for clarification. Suppose two to three pounds were used in making the stock, half a pound will be needed to clarify the quanity of liquid obtained.

The meat must be fresh, raw, all lean and finely minced, beef or veal, according to the nature of the soup. It must be put into the saucepan at first, and the whole whisked until a strong froth is formed; then cease stirring, and wait until the froth rises to a height.

The pan must then be withdrawn from the fire, and allowed to stand for a few minutes beside it, previous to the straining of the soup.

For that purpose a jelly-bag may be used, though a piece of flannel, of the thickest kind, is much better; it should be wrung out of boiling water, and tied to the four legs of a chair turned upside down on a table, the vessel intended to receive the soup being placed upon the chair-seat under the flannel. Pour the soup as slowly as possible through the flannel, and a bright liquid ought to be the result,

Care must be taken to stop whisking as soon as the scum forms on the surface, and to remove the saucepan from the fire directly its contents actually bubble, as if it remains too long the scum sinks, and so the soup is rendered cloudy again.

Probably all the extra seasoning required will be a little more salt, and remember, a small piece of sugar is an improvement. Peppercorns boiled with the vegetables are preferable to pepper added afterwards; indeed, everything must be avoided which is likely to detract from the clearness of the liquor.

I should weary my readers (even if space permitted) were I to attempt to give in detail the varieties of soup they may now proceed to make, but I may instance a few of the most popular, such as sago, macaroni, vermicelli, and tapioca; and all need separate boiling before they are added to the soup: if cooked in it, it will be irremediably spoiled.

Spring soup owes its name to young vegetables, which are cut small and put in clear stock. The same vegetables stewed in butter instead of being cooked in water will convert the soup into Julienne.

Soup Royal is so called from the addition of savory custard, cut into small fancy shapes, and put into the soup the instant before serving. Brussels sprouts finely shred give Flemish soup, and soon indefinitely.

Ox-tail soup is often served thick, though it is very delicious when clear. To make it substitute ox-tail for meat, or if you have not sufficient to make the soup as good as it should be, use a little meat with them, or add some extract.

Joint the tails, and fry them with some mixed vegetables for a quarter of an hour, then proceed as before described.

THEY call the moon melancholy, but she always looks at the bright side of things.

Confidential Correspondents.

D. L. P.—No.

S. J. E.—Declined with thanks.

H. E.—Do you mean varnish or stain? Either can be procured at any oilshop all ready for use.

R. L.—You had better apply to someone engaged in the manufacture. It is a trade question.

J. W. C.—Write to Lippincott & Co., Book Publishers, of this city, about the book: they will tell you the best and what it will cost.

A. B.—The color of the portrait is nearly faded out, but it appears to be that of a handsome young lady. It is very pleasant to know that the POST is read and appreciated as you say.

A. E. S.—A woman so circumstanced can get maintenance for her children; whether she can obtain anything for herself would depend on her arrangements with the other person or persons concerned.

JAMES H.—In the year 1815 George IV. was Prince Regent of England. George III. was at that time an old, white-haired man in Windsor Castle, sitting alone, "a solemn mark of the frailty of human greatness," with darkened eyes and darkened mind.

C. D. D.—The verses are good—very good indeed—but we cannot use them. The poem is much too long, and its character would not permit it to be shortened. If you send the verses to your local paper, where they would have an additional value they cannot have for the POST, we are nearly sure they would be cheerfully printed.

SHARAT.—The Jewish week consists of seven days, the last day, however—the Sabbath—being the only one named. The first day of the week is the Sunday of the Christian calendar, the seventh day, or Sabbath, commencing on Friday evening and ending on Saturday evening. Days among the Hebrews always commence at sunset, or, on an average at 6 p. m.

KNOW.—The ticking you refer to is probably caused by the action of a small beetle, the "death-watch spider," as it is frequently called. These insects bore into wood, and produce the sort of rapping by striking their heads against it. The noise is said to be the signal given by one beetle to another. It is needless to say the sound no more presages death than does the ticking of a clock.

H. JOY.—We do not understand your question about the moon. Put it more plainly. The moon is a spherical body, one half of which, of course, is alone illuminated at a time. The visible shape of the moon, as seen from the earth, depends upon the question how large a part of the illuminated half is at any particular moment turned towards us. Take an orange, cover one half of it with black, and then turn it slowly on a pivot. The appearance of the yellow part will probably help you to understand the various phases presented by full, new, and quarter moons.

AUNT.—We quite agree with you that nothing can be more detrimental to a young lady's reputation than the constant flattering round her of men who have no other motive than the pleasant killing away of a spare hour; but we cannot understand how it is that you cannot put a stop to it. Surely you can show, by your manner, that you do not approve of these butterflies attaching themselves to you and your niece during your walks. Or, if that is not sufficient, why do you not bring the stroll to an abrupt termination by turning back or entering a shop, and, with a bow and a decided "good-morning," dismiss the unwelcome escort?

FORTESCUE.—You are evidently suffering from hysteria—a most painful, yet by no means a dangerous complaint. But do not for a moment suppose that your symptoms are at all connected with approaching insanity. Vague ideas of the sort you mention—convictions as to the general unreality of things, and feelings as though one were moving in a dream—are common accompaniments of the hysterical condition. At your age such symptoms are not in any way dangerous. You will live to outgrow them, especially if you find something to distract your mind from dwelling too much upon its own internal states and emotions. Judging from what we know of human nature—and more particularly of female human nature at twenty-three years of age—we should be inclined to say it is not improbable that some such distracting and absorbing object may yet swim unexpectedly across your horizon within the next twelve months or thereabouts.

FIRST.—We fear we cannot give you much help. As you give us no details of your age, habits, state of health, occupation, and the like, we are left in ignorance. You simply say that you cannot sleep, and ask us the reason why. May be your room is badly ventilated, or perhaps you have not enough exercise. Again, a heavy supper may cause it. Given freedom from worry, a fair amount of exercise, a well-ventilated room, a moderate supply of bed-clothing, and a light meal an hour or two before retiring, sleep ought to follow as a matter of course. Do not go to bed hungry—it is a great mistake; so, of course, is a heavy meal. Avoid stimulants, or any sleeping draughts. A cup of beef-tea last thing is considered an antidote to wakefulness; try it for a time, or a glass of hot milk, if it agrees with you. A good rubbing with a flesh brush has a soporific effect on some people; so has a wet bandage on the wrist or forehead. Further particulars might enable us to help you to a greater extent.

ANNA.—She cannot do anything under the circumstances but wait patiently. If she suspects he loves her and that his indifference is merely assumed, she might try a little indifference herself. This treatment has been known to have a wonderful effect on men, who thought nothing else was ever expected of them than merely to inhale the incense offered them by female hearts. 2. After a reasonable time if he loves her he will no doubt let her know. She cannot, that we can see, do anything to hurry him if they are engaged. As a rule, indeed, these matters adjust themselves in good time. 3. Under the circumstances for the sake of the men she should accept neither. If a choice, however, was absolutely necessary, we should say accept lack of means with love. 4. The newest dance we hear of is the "Saratoga Lancers." 5. On the contrary, it is perfectly right. In perfect love, engaged lovers will kiss each other with the purity of feeling that might exist between a brother and a sister. We do not say such perfect love is common, however, and in all intercourse with each other, young folks should bear this in mind.